

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LIV. SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 3.



## THE HUDSON.

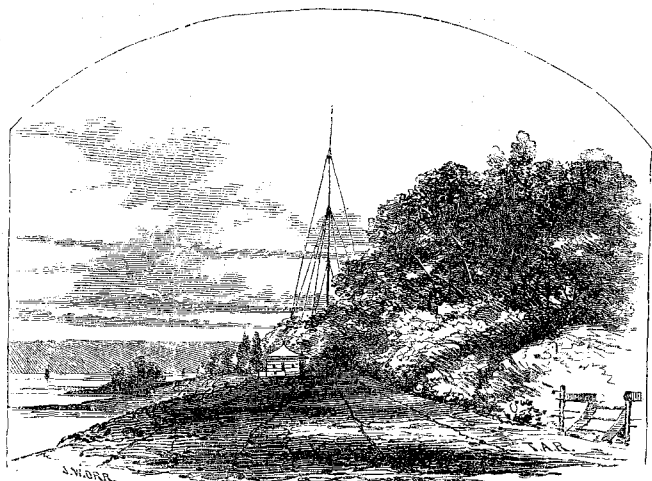
BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

FORT WASHINGTON AND THE PALISADES.

OUR voyage to-day,  
though extending  
but a very few miles,  
will be amidst scenes of

PALISADES OFF FORT LEE.

VOL. LIV.



RAIL-WAY STATION AT FORT WASHINGTON.

natural beauty and of historic story scarcely exceeded in number and interest by any other portion of the Hudson. Leaving the more densely populated districts of New-York—the city proper—behind us, we bend our sails towards the upper end of the great metropolitan island, and soon come within sight of the classic waters of Spyt den Duivel on the east, and opposite the lower spears of the famous Palisade rocks on the western shore.

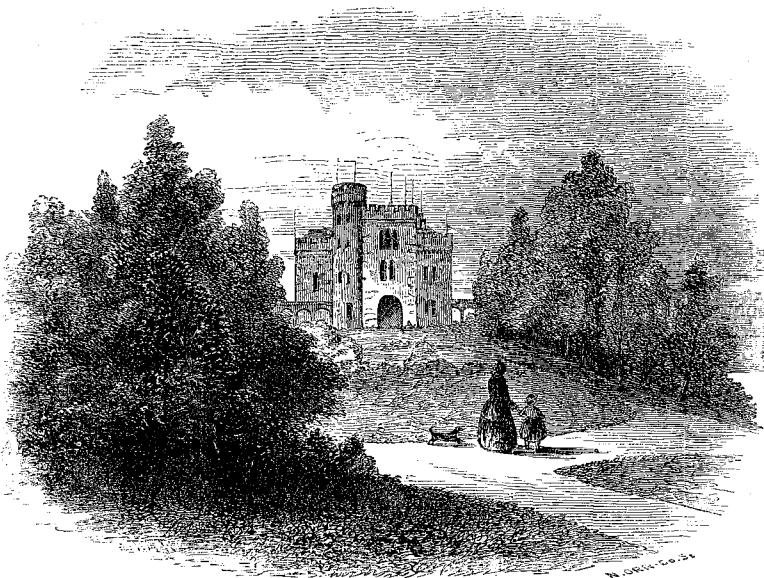
Thus afloat, we are at a loss, amidst the world of surrounding attractions, where to rest our eyes—whether on the right hand or on the left, back upon the cities which guard the entrance to our river, and to the noble bay which receives and bears its waters to the sea; or forward, amidst the lonely cliffs and the smiling woodlands which far away, on either side, delight our wondering vision. Turn which way we will, it is a marvellous picture upon which we gaze, a picture upon which one might close his eyes forever as contentedly as upon far-famed Napoli.

Chewing the cud of sweet fancies one still summer evening far away on the quiet banks of the Hudson, there came to our little inn a weary wanderer asking shelter for the night and work for the morrow. He had been living for a year, he said, some miles back in the country, but he was born and brought up on the river, and he found it impossible, after painful struggle, to content himself out of sight of its banks. He would rather beg on the shores of his native waters than fare sumptuously any where besides. Our landlord listened with little credulity and less sympathy, but we, with the enlargement of the heart to which a country ruralizer lately escaped from long durance in the city streets is subject, eagerly accepted the pleasant sentiment, and es-

pecially coming as it did in such grateful contrast to our national irreverence for local loves.

Though the island of Manhattan, in its whole length of twelve miles, falls within the corporate limits of the metropolis, and is every where covered with a net-work of streets and avenues, yet the upper portion is, at present, still a comparatively rural region, and the streets and avenues, only names, or at best very country-like looking roads. The most beautiful part of this every where beautiful *rus in urbe* is the crown of the narrow stretch of highlands lying along the Hudson, and famous as the site of fortifications and as the scene of battles and sieges in old Revolutionary days. The character of this neighborhood is but slightly hinted at in the glimpses caught from the road-sides ashore, and is only inadequately revealed by its woods and lawns and its villa porches, cupolas and towers, as seen from the river; to be justly comprehended, it must be explored in its hidden recesses. Let us run our boat ashore at the railway station at Fort Washington, and look about us.

This locality is strongly marked by the tall mast which comes into most of the river-views here, like a huge phantom-ship stealing up behind the hills. It is the spar which, with the help of another on the crest of the Palisades opposite, bears the telegraph wires across and above the wide waters. The railway at this point enters a dark passage cut through the rocky heart of the promontory of Jeffrey's Hook which here steps boldly out into the river. It is dangerous, however,



WOOD CLIFF, THE RESIDENCE OF A. C. RICHARDS, ESQ.



SEAT OF MR. CHITTENDEN, NEAR OLD FORT TRYON.

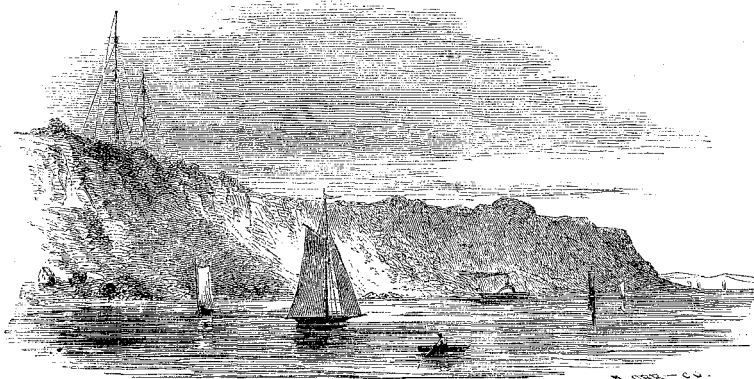
and rather hot in summer-time, to walk on rail-way tracks: so we turn aside and directly opposite the station ascend the steep, forest-covered hill-side. So primitive do the woods and rocks look, so much like the country hundreds of miles away, that we quite forget we are still in the city, until our eye falls in surprise upon the procession of spruce-looking gas-lamps which every where precede us, climbing and descending before us as we go — up hill and down dale, over rocks and through the forest — leading the van at all points, as if in token of the issue of the inexorable struggle forever going on here between the contending powers of country and of town. At even-tide, when the rush of travel has subsided and the notes of katydid and whippoorwill are heard, these prophetic lines of glittering lamps remind us oddly enough that we are not, after all, rambling in lonely country roads, but are promenading on this or that street or avenue, or perchance on Broadway itself. But slip aside from the highways, and nothing happily remains to remind us of the noisy town but the glimpses here and there of its distant roofs and spires and towers.

The road up which we follow the lamps as we turn aside at the station, is that into which all the paths from the villas around debouch when seeking the rail-way; it bears some high number in the municipal record, and leads from the river to the road on the east of the neighborhood of which we are writing. This highway is known to the city carriages and the '2:40' nags as the King's Bridge, or Bloomingdale Road. It is, in point of fact, despite its rural ten-



dency, none other than Broadway itself. In coming so far north it has skirted, for two pleasant miles, the river-side of the new Central Park; continued a mile or two beyond, it would touch the Spyt den Duivel creek and the northern extremity of Manhattan. Instead of seeking this highway as we leave the river shore, we will, without doubting our welcome, turn aside into one or other of the park gates, which open so numerously before us. In rambling thus, now over gravelled walks and now through the primitive forest, we come continually upon the verge of fragrant gardens and within sight of half-hidden cottage or castle homes. Rising the hill to its very crest, we find ourselves upon the summit of Mount Washington, the very highest point of the neighborhood and of all the Island. Here once stood the military works famous in history as Fort Washington, the exact position being still clearly indicated by the remains which in embankments and otherwise are still well preserved. Not long ago the workmen employed in the cultivation of the grounds, discovered, a few inches beneath the surface, numerous cannon-balls and chain-shot, which had been cast there, no doubt, long years ago, from the British vessels which attacked the fortifications from the river. These cannon-balls were twelve-pounders, and, excepting the rust with which they were covered, were as perfect as if but just made. Ten years ago there were also turned up here some old, well-worn bayonets, and a coin of the reign of George the Third; even human bones have been disinterred from their long burial in the process of improving and cultivating the spot. The whole area is now a garden, and under the transforming wand of taste and wealth, is every day growing in grace and beauty.

The panorama is exceedingly fine in all directions and from every point of these highlands, which rise between five and six hundred feet above the river; but no where else is the view so extensive and impos.



THE PALISADES ACROSS FROM FORT WASHINGTON.



THE RIVER—SOUTH FROM JEFFREY'S HOOK.

ing as from Mr. Bennett's grounds, and especially from the lofty cupola of his mansion. From this supreme elevation the windings of the river northward, with its interminable line of rocky cliffs on one side and of valleys and villa-covered hill-slopes on the other, are visible for many long miles. On the east is seen all the suburban part of the island, its many localities of poetic and historic reminiscence—the whole course of the Harlem River and the Spyt den Duivel Creek below; and on the east there is the Sound and Long-Island beyond; while to the southward, every roof and dome and spire of the great metropolis and of the neighboring cities, come into the picture, which is continued into the far distance by the panorama of the Bay, of Staten Island, and finally, of the wide ocean. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene more beautiful and more varied, and, despite the value of the exchange, we cannot but look forward, regretfully, to the coming hour when its charms will all be buried behind the encroaching city walls.

Not far to the northward from Mr. Bennett's, and nearly at the

same elevation, just between the site of the old fortifications there and the closely neighboring locality of old Fort Tryon, there stands a stately castellated cottage, built of rough brown stone in a manner and style admirably suited to the character of the region. We have preserved a picture of this elegant seat among those of our present chapter as an excellent example of the beautiful villa architecture of this portion of the river shores.

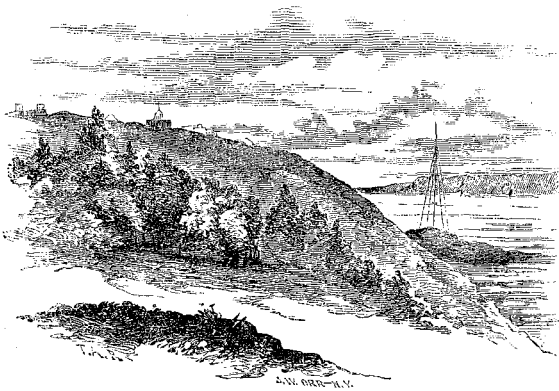
Still close by, as we proceed, is another cottage, which comes also into our little gallery — not so much on account of its architectural pretensions, which are not great — as in intimation of the topography of the country homes hereabouts, and of their charming relation to the river-pictures up and down. This last-mentioned villa is the residence of Mr. Chittenden. It stands directly upon the verge of the hill, overlooking the landscape far and near in all directions. Almost within reach of the shadow of its walls is the bold point once occupied by the redoubts and batteries of Fort Tryon; and just beyond, looking down into the waters of the Harlem River is the lofty site of Fort George.

The reader will find in our port-folio glimpses both up and down the river from old Fort Tryon. In the latter, all the villas of which we have spoken are to be seen, their walls and cupolas rising high against the sky. In the upward vista, we should, but for the intervening trees and rocky bluffs see the Fort Tryon station, (formerly known as Tubby Hook,) the next point above Fort Washington, on the east side of the river, and the terminus of the voyage which we have proposed to ourself in the present chapter of our history.

In the middle ground of our upper Fort Tryon sketch there is seen a part of the cottage of Mr. Hays, nestled in the shade of the lower portion of the Fort Tryon district. It is as pleasant an example of the valley nooks of the neighborhood as are the homes already mentioned, of the more elevated and commanding sites, replete as it is with the gentler, if less imposing beauties of lawn and garden and grove and thicket, with peeps through all at the beautiful river and its ever-passing life. It was here that happened a little incident, to which sad circumstances have given a touching interest in the hearts of all who witnessed it. It was on a pleasant summer eve, as the sun was sinking behind the opposite heights of the Palisades, and as the great river-boats were passing up on their evening voyage, that the gifted young preacher Abner Kingman Nott stood gazing with



REMAINS OF THE REDOUBT AT JEFFERY'S HOOK.



DOWN THE RIVER FROM OLD FORT TRYON.

high hopes and, may be, eager and happy anticipations of his coming life—only a very short time before his melancholy end called him so instantaneously from all his promised pleasures. He looked forth earnestly upon

the striking scenes around him, grasping a tree upon the bank as he leaned forward in his intense enjoyment. That noble craft the 'New-World' chanced to pass, in all its pride, at the moment, heightening the glory of the landscape by its beauty, and by the prestige of its power, read even in its very name. Little did the young preacher dream at that hour of high anticipation, how much higher was the destiny even then awaiting him—of the 'New-World' beyond, to which his sight was then opening. How often is it that the saddest associations cling to the loveliest and fairest of scenes.

From another lofty site up the river—the yet unoccupied domains of Mr. Flint—we look down upon the rail-way station at Fort Tryon—a new and more euphonious name for the wonderful little valley and hill-side nook just above Fort Washington, heretofore called Tubby Hook, from a certain Tibers, who used to ferry people across to the Palisades.

Of this point we shall speak further in our next chapter, and so, too, of the Palisades, which, in their great extent, belong as much, at least, to other parts of the river as to that which we are to-day visiting.

Before we turn back to the historical associations of the neighborhood of Fort Washington, let us add a word in regard to the military character and appearance of the place at that period. The fort was a strong earth-work—in form a pentagon—occupying, with its ravelins, that part of the lofty hill-regions of Manhattan Island now embraced between One hundred and eighty-first and One hundred and eighty-sixth streets. Just to the northward, on the same rocky heights, was the redoubt called Fort Tryon, and to the eastward was Fort George, looking down upon the Harlem River; and immediately below was another redoubt—a sketch of the remains of which we have here preserved—on the crest of the promontory of Jeffrey's Hook. Beyond, near the Spyt den Duivel Creek, was Cockhill, Fort Inde-



pendence, and still other defences, which we shall notice hereafter. Though the works at these posts were but slight, the position seemed to be one of great strength, and so it was generally considered until a sad experience proved it to be otherwise.

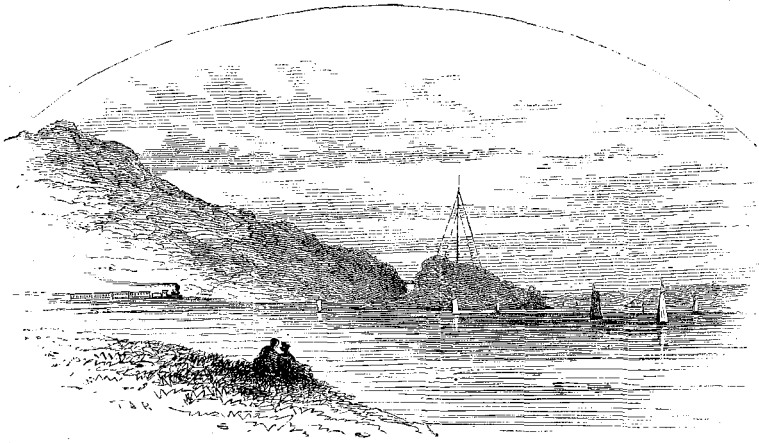
Let us now, as well as the limited scope of our subject will properly allow, look back into the eventful past, and see what claims the old chronicle makes upon our attention and interest.

The revolutionary history of Fort Washington and vicinity lies under the darkest shadows of the dark days of '76. It is, throughout its brief past, a record of events the most disastrous and disheartening to the patriot forces; a story of defeat and retreat which might well have left even the stout hearts of that period without hope.

The enemy held Long Island, and thence from all points watched the opposite City of Refuge to which Washington and his brave men had just been driven. The main body of the British fleet was at the same time within cannon-shot of Governor's Island. It was very evident that New-York, also, must in turn be abandoned to the victorious foe.



THE RIVER NORTH FROM OLD FORT TRYON.



SOUTH FROM THOMPSON'S PIER, FORT TRYON.

'Our situation,' writes Washington at the time, 'is truly distressing.' And in another letter he says: 'It is evident the enemy mean to inclose us on the island of New-York, by taking post in our rear, while the shipping secures the front; and thus, by cutting off our communication with the country, oblige us to fight them on their own terms or surrender at discretion, or by a brilliant stroke endeavor to cut this army in pieces and secure the collection of arms and stores which they well know we shall not be able soon to replace.'

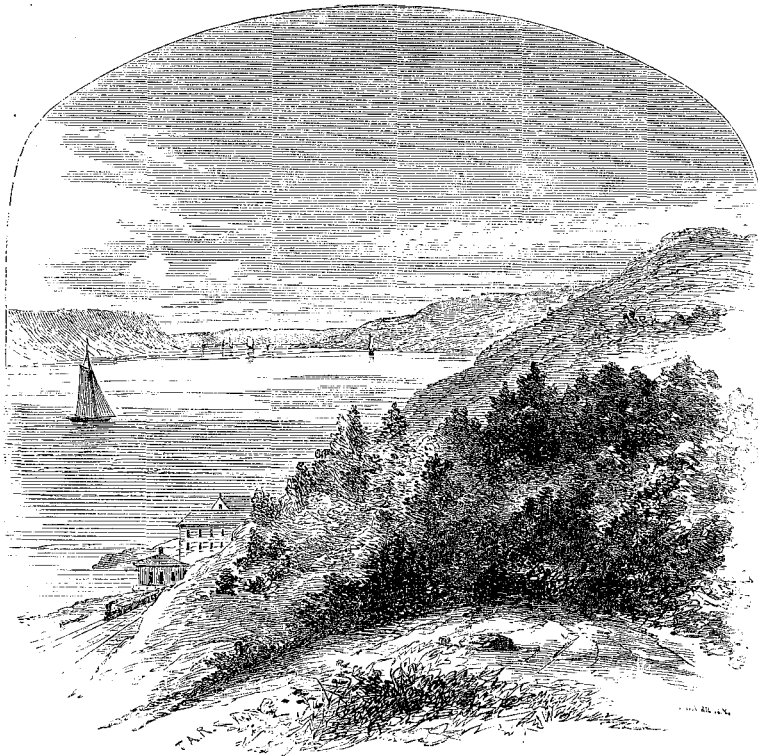
Colonel Reed writes: 'My country will, I trust, yet be free, whatever may be our fate who are cooped up, or are in danger of being so, on this tongue of land.' And again: 'We are still here, in a posture somewhat awkward; we think — at least I do — that we cannot stay, and yet we do not know how to go; so that we may properly be said to be between hawk and buzzard.' Another officer, in addressing an absent New-Yorker, says: 'I fear we shall evacuate your poor city. The very thought gives me the horrors.'

A British officer writes: 'By the steps our General is taking, I imagine he will effectually cut off their (the Americans') retreat at King's Bridge, by which the island of New-York is joined to the continent. Another of the enemy flattered himself and his correspondent 'that this distressful business would soon be brought to a happy issue.'

Thus the reader will see that the prospects of the patriot troops were, at the time our history opens, dreary enough; and the night in which they were wrapped darkened and darkened before the dawn at last blessed their aching eyes. Circumstances soon answered for them the grave question respecting the abandonment of the city, the potential circumstances of necessity, in the rapid offensive movements of the enemy, assuring a speedy and in all probability a successful attack.

The sick and wounded were hurried to New-Jersey; the military stores and baggage were conveyed some twenty-two miles up the Hudson, to a fortified post at Dobb's Ferry, and on the 14th of September (1776) Washington removed his head-quarters to King's Bridge, and New-York soon fell into the hands of the British, and was thenceforward uninterruptedly held by them until the close of the war in 1783 — a period of more than seven long years.

Thus driven from the city, (of that time,) the American army set to work to establish itself, if possible, on the narrow neck of high rocky country which lies between the Harlem and the Hudson river, separated from the main land by the Spyt den Duivel Creek, and which thus formed the upper part of the island — as now of the city — of New-York. The central and loftiest part of this mountainous district was, as we have seen, our present beautiful garden of Fort Washington. It overlooked the Hudson at the high opposite shore of the Palisades, and with the help of defences there, was the most promising point at which to prevent the passage of the enemy's forces northward by way of the river. This was deemed to be an object of the last im-



UP THE RIVER FROM BELOW FORT TRYON STATION.



VIEW FROM THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HAYS.

portance; and thus those persistent efforts of the Americans to maintain their position on Manhattan Island, from which comes the history so interesting to us now.

During the interval between the departure of the patriots from the city, about the middle of September, and the capture of Fort Washington on the 16th of November following, many stirring events transpired in the neighborhood; events which it would be pleasant to pass leisurely in review were we not compelled to content ourselves, at this time, with the consideration of those passages only which are more immediately a part of our river story.

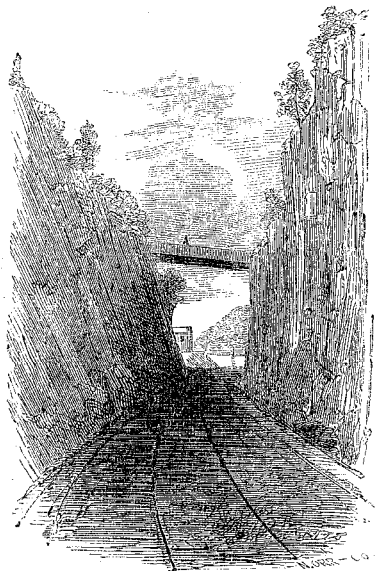
While the Americans now occupied the upper neck of Manhattan, the enemy was posted in force below, in the city. The position of each army was protected by strong lines extending over the whole breadth of the island, from the Hudson to the Harlem River. Their respective defences were separated by the central valley-section of the region. The encroachments of the enemy increased day by day, and attacks were continually made and met, with varying fortunes, but



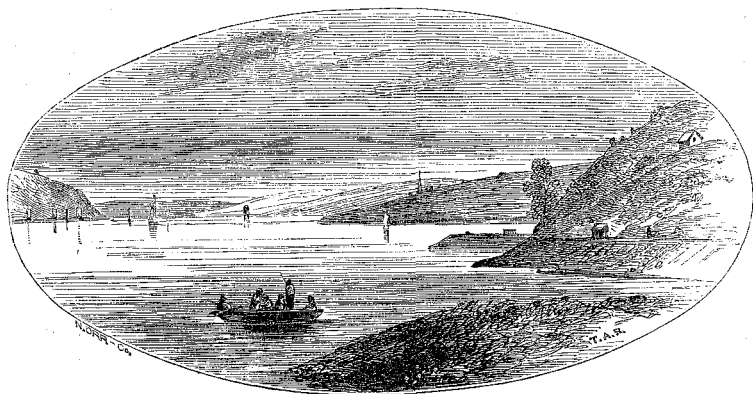
most frequently at the cost of the patriots, who, in addition to their wonted wretched condition, were dispirited to the last degree by the series of rebuffs and by the gloomy horoscope of the morrow. Desertions from the camp were so numerous as to materially reduce its strength, and to disquiet even the bravest and most sanguine of the leaders themselves. Boats and ships-of-war were daily bearing the British flag triumphantly up the East River, and they made their way securely even up the Hudson, despite the obstructions upon which so much reliance had been placed. The *cheveaux de frise* in the river, and the wonderful submarine batteries, were but straws in the way of the British vessels; and the guns, also, of Fort Washington and its twin fortress of Fort Constitution, across on the Palisade shore, were quite as contemptuously disregarded.

Washington, at this time and under these inauspicious circumstances, desired, as did most of his officers, to evacuate Fort Washington, and abandon the islands altogether. General Lee said that for his part he would give Lord Howe a fee-simple of them. The better judgment of the Commander-in-chief was, however, unhappily overruled by his too great deference to the opinions of others, and somewhat, of course, by his respect for the express desire of Congress that the post should be held at all risks.

After the neighboring battle at White Plains, which occurred on the 28th of October, one of the most important occupations of the patriot army was the strengthening of Fort Washington, in anticipation of the approach of the enemy. General Howe was at this period encamped at Fordham, near King's Bridge, in preparation for his meditated descent. On the night of the 14th he dispatched thirty flat-bottomed boats up the Hudson, which they quietly ascended, passing the American forts undiscovered, and making their way successfully through Spyt den Duivel Creek into the Harlem River. He thus supplied himself with the required means to cross the waters which here separated him from very assailable parts of the American posts. The following day (November 15th) the Fort was



RAILWAY CUT AT FORT WASHINGTON.



NORTH FROM THOMPSON'S PIER, FORT TRYON.

summoned to surrender, with the threat of extremities in the event of refusal. The threat was bravely dared. The next morning, Magaw, who was in command, proceeded to dispose of his forces, amounting in all to nearly three thousand men. The greater part of this garrison was stationed outside of the fort, for want of room within.

The south side of the fort was menaced by Lord Percy with sixteen hundred men, and to oppose him, in this direction, Colonel Lambert Cadwallader was dispatched with a Pennsylvania force of only half that number. Colonel Rawlings, of Maryland, with a company of riflemen, was placed by a small battery on a bold hill to the northward, (the spot now called old Fort Tryon,) to oppose the second of the enemy's threatened attack, under Knyphausen, who, with his Hessians, was posted with cannon-shot on the York side of King's Bridge.

Colonel Baxter, of Pennsylvania, was placed with his militia on a rough wooded height east of the fort, and overlooking the Harlem River. This point was the locality now known as Fort George. Colonel Baxter was to meet the third of the enemy's attack — the battalion of guards and of light infantry under Brigadier-General Mathew, who, according to the enemy's programme, was to cross the Harlem River on flat-boats toward the right of the fort. The fourth proposed attack of the enemy was under Colonel Sterling, who, as a feint to distract the attention of the Americans, was to drop down the Harlem River in boats to the left of the fort.

The enemy's several assaults were made simultaneously, beginning about noon of the 16th. The action was commenced by booming cannon and volleys of musketry. Knyphausen's division, commanded by himself and by Colonel Rahl, conquered all the opposing obstructions of woods and rocks, and despite the bold defence of Rawlings, soon drove him and his force back to the fort. The Americans under

Baxter were no less steady in their resistance than was Colonel Rawlings, but with no better fortune than he. Baxter himself was killed, and his men driven back into the fort.

Cadwallader, in the mean while, was making a brave defence to the southward against the enemy under Lord Percy; but he, too, was at length compelled to retreat under the additional pressure of an attack by General Mathew—who had previously driven in Baxter's division—and of the threatened approach, on the rear, of Colonel Sterling.

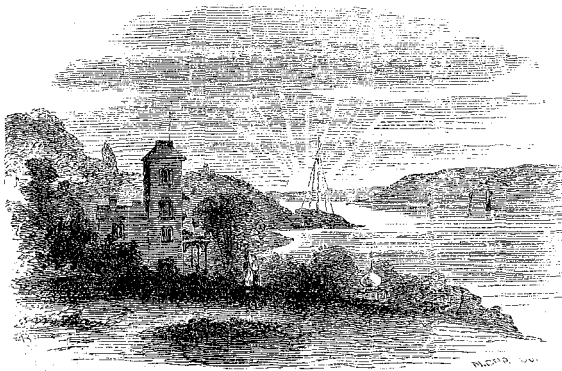
Thus were the assailants victorious at all points, though only after the most obstinate resistance every where, and with a terrible loss in killed and wounded.

Washington and several of his officers were eager spectators of the disastrous struggle, from the opposite shore of the Hudson. When he saw the flag, which heralded the second summons to surrender, carried into the ill-fated fortress, he hastily wrote a note to Magaw, promising to bring off his garrison if he could sustain himself until evening. This message was daringly delivered by Captain Gooch, of Boston, who passed and repassed safely across the river and amidst the balls and bayonets of the British. The embassy was, however, too late. Magaw and his garrison were wholly in the power of their opponents, and nothing remained but to surrender themselves prisoners-of-war, with no other terms than the retention of their swords by the officers and of their baggage by the men. 'It was,' said Lee at the time, 'a cursed affair.'

Washington, in writing of the affair to his brother Augustine, says: 'This is a most unfortunate affair, and has given me great mortification: as we have lost not only two thousand men that were there, but a good deal of artillery and some of the best arms we had. And what adds to my mortification is, that this post, after the last ships went past it, was held contrary to my wishes and opinion, as I conceived it to be a hazardous one; but it having been determined on by a full council of general officers, and a resolution of Congress having been received, strongly expressive of their desire that the channel of the river, which we had been laboring to stop for a long time at that place, might be obstructed if possible, and knowing that this could not be done unless there were bat-



A SUMMER HOUSE—ABOVE FORT TRYON.



A VILLA PEEP—SOUTH—FROM FORT TRYON.

teries to protect the obstructions, I did not care to give an absolute order for withdrawing the garrison, till I could get round and see the situation of things; and then it became too late, as the place was invested. Upon the

passing of the last ships I had given it as my opinion to General Greene, under whose care it was, that it would be best to evacuate the place; but as the order was discretionary, and his opinion differed from mine, it was unhappily delayed too long, to my great grief.

The lowering of the American flag and its replacement by the British standard ended the military history of Fort Washington, though it was afterwards strengthened and long garrisoned by the enemy.

The unhappy prisoners—according to Howe's returns, two thousand eight hundred and eighteen in number—were marched off to the city at midnight, and there wretchedly incarcerated.

After the fall of Fort Washington there remained no longer any hope of obstructing the passage of the Hudson at this point, so the works at Fort Lee, opposite, being of no further use, were soon after abandoned. The retreat thence immediately preceded the events which occurred in the neighborhood of the Hackensack, west of the Hudson.

This is the ancient story of that part of the Hudson described in the opening of our chapter as the charming lawn and villa-covered suburbs of our great Metropolis.

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#### THE MUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

'MEN wear their beards, in mourning for their brains,'

Says C——, God's own fashion to oppose:

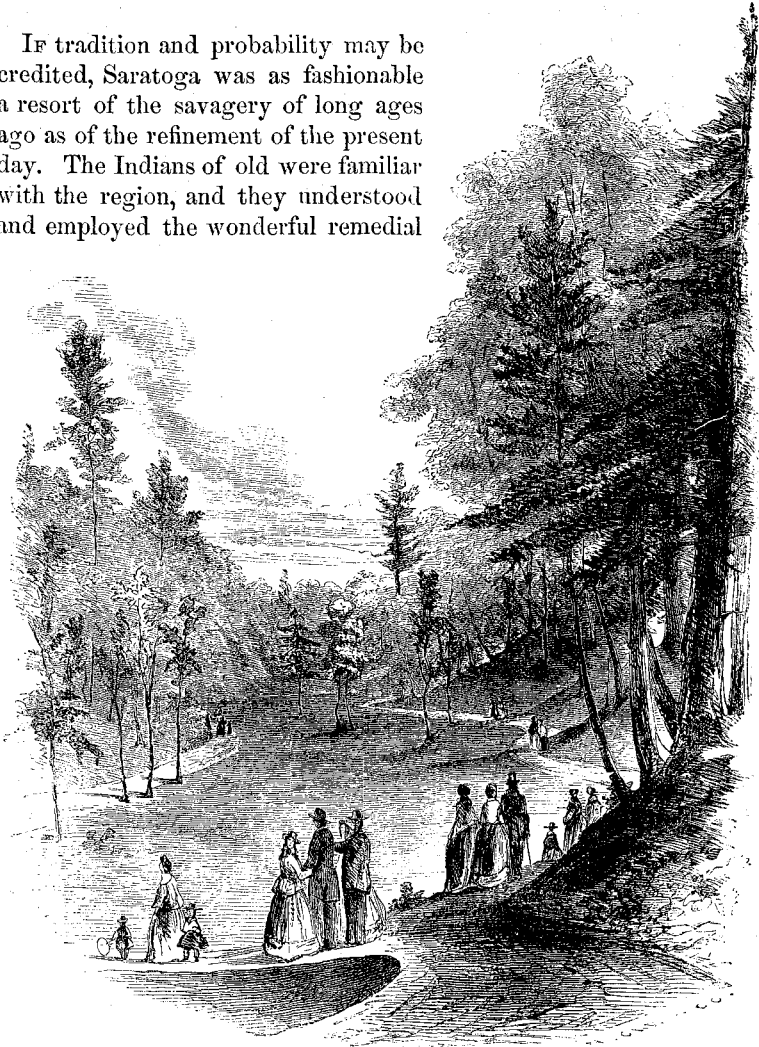
To scrape his face he daily takes the pains,

To show the world that he has none to lose.



## S A R A T O G A .

If tradition and probability may be credited, Saratoga was as fashionable a resort of the savagery of long ages ago as of the refinement of the present day. The Indians of old were familiar with the region, and they understood and employed the wonderful remedial



G R O U N D S   A T   C O N G R E S S   S P R I N G .

powers of its magic waters with the same intuitive skill with which they were wont to discern the medicinal virtues of the herbs and trees of the forest. To be sure they subjected the brooks to no scientific analysis, and knew nothing of sodium and soda, of lime or magnesia, of hydrogen or oxygen, or of the thousand-and-one unpronounceable diseases to which the waters give relief; but they nevertheless always adapted the cure to the complaint, as effectually as the most learned Esculapius of our own wise age.

The name of Saratoga, which was bestowed by the red men, and its signification, assure us of their knowledge both of the place itself and of its peculiar character. The *Sara*, or *Sarat*, to their ears meant salt; and the *aga*, or *oga*, implied merely place: thus their ancient Sar-agh-oga, was, like our modern one, the *place of salt springs*. We may imagine the unctuous 'ugh' of content or disgust, according to taste, with which an antediluvian Hole-in-the-Day bent down in the primeval woods, and pushing aside the weeds and snakes, won an appetite for breakfast from the bubbling brooklet. The scene must have been more picturesque, though may be less comfortable, than that now presented of the beaux and belles daintily touching the crystal goblet with gloved fingers, or guarding their silken robes, as they drink, from the dampness of the tessellated marble floors.

Be the time long or short — generations or centuries — of the aboriginal knowledge of our springs, it is certain that it very considerably ante-dated the information of the white race, which itself is of respectable antiquity.

The first European name upon the visitors' record at Saratoga is that of Sir William Johnson. This was at the period of the French and Indian war, a hundred years or more ago. He arrived neither

by rail, as we do to-day, nor in his carriage, as our great-grandmothers used to do, but through the bush and brake of the wild Indian trail, as best he could; and he found shelter under the broad and hospitable roof of no Union or Congress Halls, but in his simple forest tent alone. He tasted and tested the waters for us, recruited his health and spirits thereby, and left the same high recourse as a legacy to us and to our posterity forever. For this invaluable service, and for the charms which in legend and story his military career cast over all this region,



HIGH ROCK SPRING.



SARATOGA LAKE.

we touch our hat reverently to his honored memory. In this initial call, Sir William's approach was from the springs at Ballston, about six miles below. Michael McDonald, a Scotchman, was then settled there, and was one of Johnson's party; and so may claim the secondary honors of the discovery. The particular spring of all the present catalogue at Saratoga, of which Sir William drank and was healed, was that now known as the High Rock; and which must, therefore, be respected as the venerable father of this mighty family of magic waters. The more famous Congress Spring remained unknown until the year 1792.

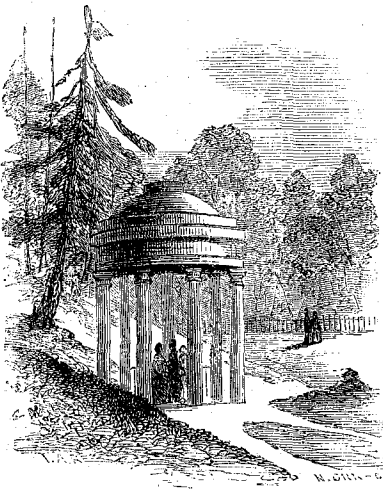
At the close of the Indian war, settlements began to increase in this part of the country, and by the year 1773 the springs had grown so famous that an enterprising adventurer named Scowton actually built a cabin and settled himself thereat. He was, however, somewhat in advance of the age, and suffered the usual penalty of that great crime; for the Indians made the place a little too hot for him, and he quickly decamped. The next year, 1774, John Arnold, a Rhode-Island man,

in quest of fortune, pushed his way hither, took possession of the deserted mansion of the unlucky Scowton, improved it, and opened it as a tavern. Arnold, thus the first of the famous landlord race of the region, remained two summers in office, when he was succeeded by Samuel Norton, who did the honors thenceforward until the commencement of the Revolution in 1776, when he, too, found the neighborhood insecure, and retreated, leaving it yet again without a single white inhabitant.

In 1783, Norton was succeeded by his son, who continued until 1787, when he in turn gave way to one Bryan, from Connecticut, in whom at last the springs found a permanent resident.

The true history of the place as a settlement begins, however, with the advent, yet two years later—1789—of Gideon Putnam, the worthy ancestor of the present family of the name, and the founder of the great hotel known at that time, as at present, as the Union Hall, and now conducted by his descendants—as then, in humbler way, by himself.

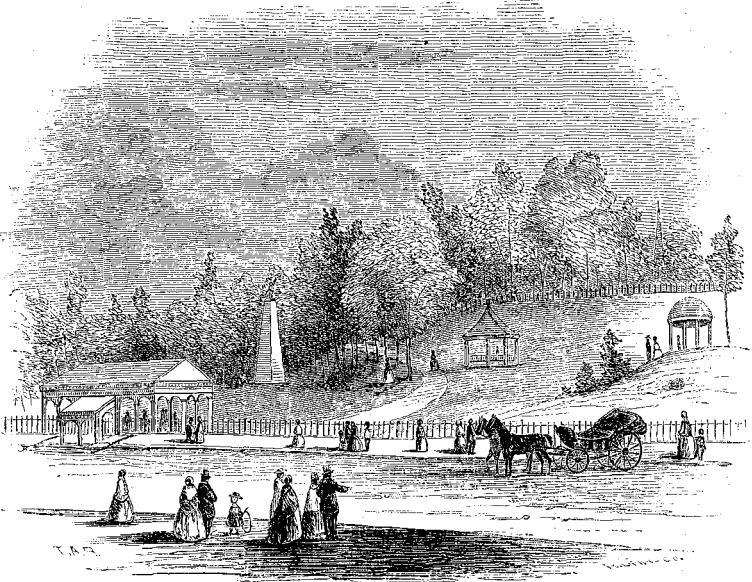
The dominant passion of our worthy pioneer was to build himself ‘*a great house* ;’ and this desire, which had haunted him through all his life, he here realized so completely that he made himself a theme of jest to both neighbors and strangers. ‘That man,’ said some gentleman, *en passant*, ‘has forgotten the admonition of John Rogers : ‘Build not your house too high.’’ The magnificent architect, however, better foreseeing the high destiny of the place, chanced to be on the winning side, and in the end had the gibe and the laugh all to himself.



COLUMBIAN SPRING.

In 1802, thirteen years after his arrival at Saratoga, Putnam commenced the erection of the present Union Hall, of which he built about seventy feet. It was this structure which drew down upon him the sneers referred to in the preceding paragraph. Extending his enterprises, our settler possessed himself, in 1805, of a large tract of land, and founded the present beautiful village of Saratoga, making liberal donations to the public good in the gift of a burying-ground and other property. In 1806 he opened the Washington Spring, and soon thereafter the fountain now called the Colum-





CONGRESS SPRING.

bian, and then the Hamilton Spring. All of these, as well as other waters, he tested and made available for use.

Saratoga now grew every year into higher and higher repute. Every summer the throng of visitors increased, until his *great* house became too small for the public accommodation, and he was induced to begin the building of Congress Hall, opposite his old stand. This he did in 1811, not long preceding his death, which resulted therefrom, being caused by injuries which he sustained in a fall with the falling scaffolding of the piazza. From this mishap he never quite recovered, and at length died on the first of December, 1812. His remains were the first placed under the sod which he had presented to the village, and there he sleeps, remembered still as the worthiest of the worthies of his time and place.

The liberal public spirit of the departed pioneer, has in the course of time produced fruit which, were he alive to see it, would be to him an abundant reward for all his patient toil. During the half-century which has passed since his time, the fame of the Saratoga waters has so increased, that the residuum of the popular favor — those particles of it which have become permanently attached to the spot, now amount in the aggregate to a large and beautiful village, self-sustaining, and quite independent, in the elements of its life, of the virtues of the fountains by which it has been nursed.

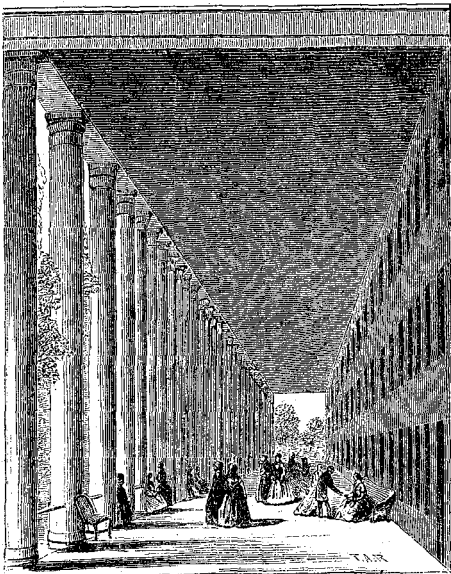
The present permanent population of the village of the Springs can

hardly be less than six thousand, which by the summer census must be increased to double that number. The strictly rural and legitimate village-aspect of the place, despite the preponderating influence of the social metropolitan tone and manner, is one of its most remarkable and most agreeable features. This appearance is rather increased than lessened by the effect of the many monstrous hotels, built as they are of wood, in simple, cheerful white, surrounded at all points by cosy piazzas and grassy walks, and above all, so densely imbedded in the shade of luxuriant trees. Even the few rows of brick structures, though called 'places,' and standing on 'Broadway,' do not materially change this effect, any more than do the gay shop-windows, with their promise, in sign and sample, of the costly luxuries of fashionable life.

Saratoga is often wrongly thought to be in itself—its *village* character, its topography and scenic surroundings—a place of very moderate attractions only; and often is the remark heard of it, 'that it will do for a few days, but one soon gets tired.' This, however, is the expression only of *ennuied* lips, come to them from a barren heart, very reasonably unsatisfied with the more barren interest of the vulgar characteristics of the merely fashionable pleasures of the place. Those who come here with souls of their own, imbued with a love for the pure delights of nature and of country life, may find streams of moral aliment as full, and as pleasurable and healthful, as the living waters of the fountains. The fashionable world may easily be left on

one side if one so desires; or, better yet, it may be used only in its higher influences, when instead of poisoning it necessarily sweetens the simpler elements of rural life. Go, O empty-hearted pleasure-seeker, to Saratoga in a pure and healthful spirit, *seeking the country and not the town*, and you may enjoy it, not for a day, but for all time!

The topography of the village and vicinage, though by no means very bold and striking, is yet of most pleasurable varied character. The region is said, and truly so, to be a sandy



PIAZZA SCENE AT UNION HALL.



UNION HALL

plain; but the 'plain' is a wide country, itself an agreeable alternation of wooded and grass-covered hill and dale, meadow and ridge, all small only in contrast with the high mountain ranges at all points beyond. The main street—Broadway—drops in its course with the graceful sag of a slack rope. You ascend to one locality and descend to another as you explore the place. Even from your hotel piazza you scent the verdure of a beautiful public park. Just beyond is a charming woodland cemetery, full of winding and climbing paths. To the west and north of the village, if you walk or ride a little to see it, there stretches, two thousand feet above the sea, the long range of the Kayaderasseras hills, and to the eastward, over meadow and copse, there swells into bold and beautiful phalanx the grand chain of the mountain peaks of Vermont. Within a short ride, or not an over-long walk, is a lovely lake, itself worth a pilgrimage to see; and yet beyond—not too far—is the classic field upon which Burgoyne gave up his conquered sword, and sent new hope and courage into the fainting hearts of the patriot army of the Revolution. Not many miles away, in

various directions, flow the upper waters of the Hudson, broken here and there into wild cascades, and full, every where, of legendary poetic or historic memories. And still beyond, though yet within easy reach, are the hills and headlands, islands and waters, of the wonderful Lake Sacrament, impiously known to us now as Lake George. Is it not a pleasant map, this of our village and its neighborhood? Let us look at it, now, more in detail.

The first thought of the Saratoga guest, invalid or otherwise, will be — his hotel accommodations, perhaps, excepted — of the remarkable mineral fountains to which the spot owes its fame. The waters are numerous, and very varied in their qualities; one adapted to this and another to that particular case. The most distinguished of them all is that known as the Congress Spring; which, in the popular favor, seems, like Aaron's rod, to have swallowed up all the rest. Lodging at either of the three great hotels — the Union, the Congress, or the United States — the stranger will be within easy and immediate reach. He will have but to follow the current of feet which from all directions converge thither, as all roads meet at Rome. Every body takes the Congress water at Saratoga, and it is bottled and exported to all points so abundantly, that it is found in all the cities of the civilized world, and is held in universal esteem.

The Congress Spring was discovered in 1792, by a party of gentlemen who were hunting in the neighborhood. Among them was a Mr. Gilman, of New-Hampshire, afterward Governor of that State. At the time he found the spring he happened to be a Member of Congress; and in double compliment to himself and his honorable office, the present name of the water was bestowed upon it. The spring was at first observed issuing in very small measure through a crevice in the ledge of rock which bordered the brooklet, a ledge which formerly extended from the vicinage of the Columbian fountain to that of the High Rock. For a long time it was caught only by driplets, until the growing demand induced Mr. Putnam, the village benefactor, already biographized, to look for a larger supply. In this attempt he seemed for a while to have lost what little yield there was, but at last he happily regained the clue by turning the bed of the brook. The mineral waters rose in large quantities, and he secured them in a tube of pine planks, through which they continued to be collected until 1842, when the tube having become decayed was carefully replaced by a new one. In 1826, the Congress Spring and the lands around fell into the hands of Mr. John Clarke, a man of the experience in mineral matters, and of the liberal enterprise and taste, then needed to properly develop the opportunities which the possession offered. To these qualities in Mr. Clarke's *morale* the public owe that noble ornament of Saratoga, the public park, on the edge of which the present fountain is situated,





CONGRESS HALL.

and in the winding walks of which every village visitant so delights to disport himself. This park, though it covers but ten acres, really appears, so excellent is the topography and the 'landscape gardening,' of far greater extent. It is delightfully varied in surface, luxuriously wooded, and always kept in the most dainty order. The grounds, while thus preserved at the sole cost of the proprietors of the spring, Messrs. Clarke and White, are open gratuitously to the enjoyment of all.

The analysis of these celebrated waters gives as the ingredients of one gallon: chloride of sodium, 360.560; carbonate of soda, 8.000; carbonate of lime, 82.321; carbonate of magnesia, 78.242; carbonate of iron, 3.645; hydriodate of soda, 4.531; silica, 0.510; alumina, 0.231; solid contents, 538.040; carbonic acid, 340.231; atmospheric air, 4.000; gaseous contents, 644.231.

We present this analysis, despite the formidable aspect of the chemistry and the mathematics, as a hint at the general character of the Saratoga waters, though, of course, the variations in the various springs are very considerable.



The Congress-water, when fresh from the fountain, is exceedingly limpid and sparkling, and to the taste seldom very unpleasant at first trial, and most agreeable when well known. It can be taken in fabulous quantities, though discretion must direct its use. It is an admirable tonic in cases of general debility, and a special curative of manifold special ills, to catalogue which would make our chapter a *materia medica*, instead of a little bit of chit-chat. The universal hour of devotion to the Congress-water is that of the earliest morning, when proper exercise may come between potation and breakfast. It is a gay scene, that of the throngs wending their way, in the fresh morning sunshine, towards this great shrine of bounteous Hygeia. The worshippers may be counted by hundreds, nay thousands, coming from all points, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the invalid and the healthful, of all ranks, and from all corners of the land.

Within the grounds of the Congress Spring, and very near it, is the Columbian fountain, covered by a pretty Grecian dome. This is a ferruginous water, containing great quantities of carbonic acid in a free state, which rises in bubbles and seems to make the waters boil. Its properties are much like those of its illustrious neighbor, though of such greater tonic power, that they must be more moderately used.

The High-Rock Spring is in the northern quarter of the village, somewhat remote from the fashionable hotel-dom. It is the oldest of the Saratoga sisterhood of mineral fountains, being that one from which the ancient Indians drank, and which Sir William Johnson discovered for us in ante revolutionary days. The rock which gives name to this spring is a very remarkable specimen, perhaps the finest in the world,



COTTAGES ON THE LAWN OF THE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

of the formations by the precipitates, from the escaped gases of mineral waters. How long a time has been occupied in the accumulation of the immense aggregate of such deposits as go to make this singular pile, who can tell?

The circumference of the rock at the surface of the ground, is twenty-four feet and five inches, and its height above the earth is three-and-a-half feet. It is conical in shape, and the water issues through an aperture at the top, of nearly a foot in diameter.

In the immediate vicinage of the High Rock are the Empire and the Iodine Springs. This part of the village seems to have been comparatively neglected until very recently. It is a pity that it should be so, for with only a little judicious art embellishment, its natural capabilities might be most agreeably developed.

The water of the Empire Spring was first secured in 1846, since which time its virtues have, in spite of its remote position and of the formidable rivalry of the many other fountains, gradually risen to a high place in the public estimation. The spring issues through a perforation in a ledge of calciferous sand-stone, which lies beneath a high bluff of Mohawk lime-stone immediately in the rear. It is in consequence secured, with scarcely any of the loss of gas, incident to the use of artificial means in tubing. The hourly yield of this spring is seventy-five gallons.

The Iodine—formerly called the President Spring—is a light water of various and excellent virtues. It is now—mainly through the care of Dr. R. L. Allen—much used both at the fountain and abroad. Dr. Allen has, in other ways, also done a worthy work in the development of these mineral-water values, both medically and historically. We have been usefully aided in our explorations by the copious information given in his excellent Hand-Book to the neighborhood. The Iodine and its near neighbors, the High Rock and the Empire, will no doubt continue to grow in favor with the increasing attractions of that part of the town in which the group is situated.

The Pavilion is an old and excellent spring, in the rear of the Columbian Hotel, and not far from the Flat Rock.

The Hamilton fountain, which was discovered and first tubed by Gideon Putnam, is a little north-east of the Congress Spring and just back of Congress Hall. About two hundred yards from this point



IODINE SPRING.

and in a north-west direction, is Putnam's Spring, which though but lately used, was discovered in the early days of the village settlement.

The Washington, or White's Spring, was also tubed as far back as 1806, by Gideon Putnam, and yet was not made available, commercially, until 1858. This is the only fountain to be found on the west side of Broadway, the chief street of the village.

In the preceding list of the Saratoga waters are embraced all of much comparative importance, though their full name is Legion. Indeed the whole valley is richly fraught with their treasures, from the banks of the Hudson at Albany on through a stretch of country sixty miles, or more, northward.

The hotels of Saratoga are numerous, and the boarding-houses innumerable; but this feature of the place may, so far as concerns the mass of our readers, be summed up in that treble-distilled extract—the great trio of mammoth establishments represented in our gallery—Union Hall, Congress Hall, and the United States, to which may be added, per invalid account, the Saratoga Water-Cure. These hotels, the



UNITED STATES HOTEL.

trio first named especially, are all ripe in years and honors. They have grown up, in the course of time and under the expansion of the ever-increasing summer population, into immense edifices, under each roof of which, or rather under the many roofs of each of which, six or seven hundred guests may be comfortably housed. They are all in the heart of the village, on the chief street, and close to the leading mineral fountains. They are built of wood, with spacious and innumerable piazzas, charmingly faced



GLIMPSE EASTWARD FROM THE CEMETERY.

with green lawns, and shaded by the massy foliage of luxuriant elms. They are, of course, fitted up with all the appointments, comforts, and elegancies of first-class metropolitan houses, in all the matters of table, service, parlors, and other public halls, and are conducted with a very generous liberality.

The Union Hall was commenced by Gideon Putnam, the founder of the village and the ancestor of the present proprietors of the house in 1802, at which time he built some seventy feet of the existing edifice. It has been, from time to time, so enlarged that now it has a front on Broadway of four hundred feet, and wings extending nearly six hundred feet. The court, or lawn, within the buildings, covers several acres of garden, green sward, and gravelled path.

Of Congress Hall may be repeated in most points what we have just said of the Union. The stranger may bestow himself upon either with full assurance of being as comfortable as the genius of the place permits, and as elegantly and properly lodged as the most exacting fashion can require.

The United States Hotel, or rather the original part of it, was built in 1823, and for nearly thirty years it has been conducted by the present proprietor, whose name is famous in the Boniface annals of Saratoga, as many veterans who have summered under his roof every season, from youth to age, will heartily testify. Not less than six acres are covered by the buildings and courts of this magnificent hostelry, and

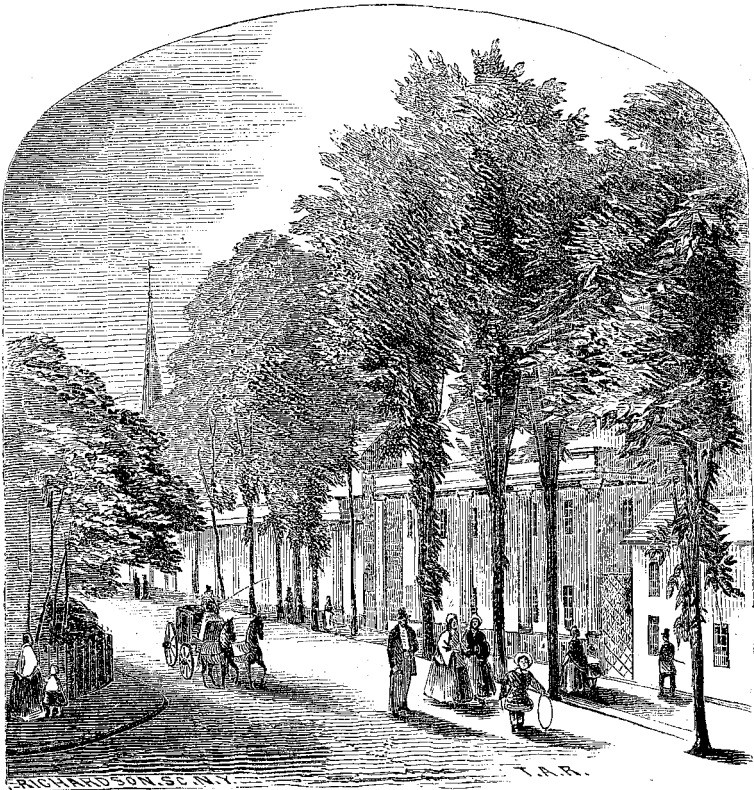


not less than two acres by the roofs above. The grand piazza which fronts on Broadway, extends two hundred feet, while the wings reach from the heart of the town to the railway station, six hundred and fifty feet back. The spacious court here, with its green sward, its groves of elms, and its pretty cottages, is a pleasant scene to look upon, while the after dinner band is discoursing gay music.

Each of our trio of hotels is supplied with an excellent band, on duty at the dinner hour and at the nightly dancing time.

The Saratoga Water-Cure is a very popular invalid resort, under the efficient conduct of Dr. Bedortha. In location, conveniences, and all desirable comforts, it may be commended with the other houses. The guests here, we presume, eat less and dance less than elsewhere, while they probably bathe and exercise and drink more, in all of which variations we sincerely trust that they find their advantage.

The ball-rooms of Saratoga, which are open informally every night, and in state often — present an array of wealth and fashion becoming the oldest, the most populous, and the most popular watering-place in



SARATOGA WATER-CURE.



the land. The stirring music, the jewelled toilettes, and the gay and seemingly happy faces which make up the brilliant spectacle of the Saratoga 'hop,' are certainly worth the looking at, if not the sharing.

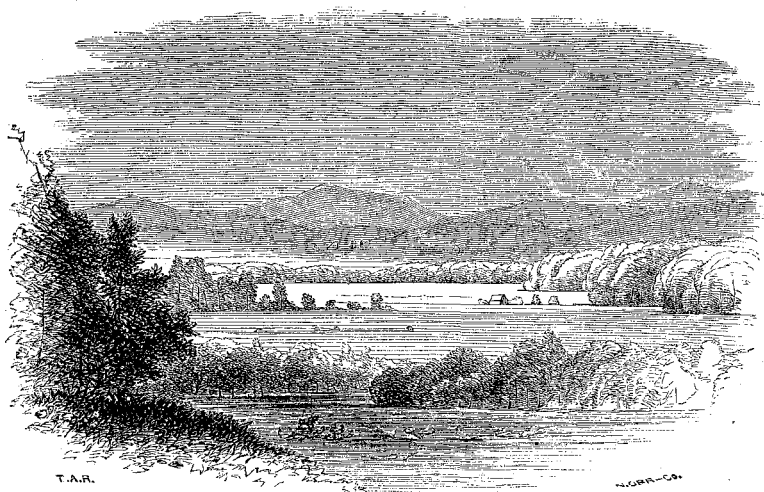
The Terpsichorean occupations of the belles and beaux thus fill up many of the hours. For the rest, there is the walk to the spring; the ramble over the paths of the beautiful Congress Park, or of the rural cemetery of 'Green Ridge' close by; the visit to the Indian encampment, or 'village,' as it is called; the ride—healthfully working your own way—on the pretty circular railway, with other agreeable diversions.

For drives round about, there is ample opportunity, both in vehicles and pleasant destinations. The shortest and most common excursion of the Saratoga folk is to the Lake—some four miles away to the eastward. This charming water covers an area eight miles in length, and between two and three miles in width. The magnets here, after the natural beauties, are the excellent chances for boating and angling. The usual stopping-place, is a picturesque, villa-looking house, perched high above the Lake, on a broad, grass-covered, and well-wooded bluff. The Saratoga Lake is formed chiefly by the waters of the Kayaderasseras Creek, which afterwards pass through Fish Creek to the Hudson, near Schuylerville.

Beyond the Lake, on the opposite side, and another mile distant, is Chapman's Hill, from which a wide and attractive panorama of valley and hill may be seen; and three miles yet beyond, if one is inclined to drive so far, is Wagman's Hill, looking down upon the preceding elevation. Here may be seen mountain glimpses in all directions—the Adirondacks in the far north, the Catskills southward, and the Green Hills of Vermont in the east.

Northward of the village, and in the direction of the road to Luzerne, on the upper Hudson, one may drive six miles to Haggerty's Hill, and enjoy a charming look all over the land. Waring Hill, which is sixteen miles from town, is the loftiest site of all this region, being two thousand feet above tide-water. The view thence, comprehends every point seen from all the other look-outs of the vicinage—villages, creeks, rivers, lakes, and hills, every where and innumerable.

Far below the delighted eye, there winds the Hudson in all the turns of its northern waters, from their meeting with the Sacandaga to the azure gorges of the Catskills. Saratoga Lake, Ballston Lake, and the windings of the Kayaderasseras, and of Fish Creek, come into the picture, as also the town of Schenectady, Waterford, Mechanicsville, Schuylerville, Ballston, and Saratoga. To reach Waring Hill, the explorer will follow the Hadley Plank-road about eight miles, and then the Mount-Pleasant road six miles further, to the base of the hill. The rest of the way he must trudge on foot.



SCENE EASTWARD ON THE LAKE ROAD.

Stiles' Hill overlooks the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the waters of those rivers for some sixty miles.

Corinth Falls, some fifteen miles north of the village, are in the Hudson, and may be made the terminus of a nice morning excursion. The cataract is very near Jessup's Landing, at which place the visitor, if he spends the day in the jaunt, may dine comfortably. The clear descent of the river here is some sixty feet, with a mile or more of preceding falls and rapids.

Ballston Spa lies about six miles below the Springs, on the line of railway. It is a pleasant village, and was at one time the rival and even the patron of Saratoga itself. Of the mineral fountains at Ballston, the most esteemed are the United States Spring, the Fulton Chalybeate Spring, the Franklin Sulphur, and the Low Well.

While excursionizing in the neighborhood, the visitor must by no means neglect to call at the famous Battle-field of Saratoga, where, in the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne, so great and serviceable a success occurred to the patriots of the Revolution. This interesting spot is about twelve miles distant in the vicinage of Schuylerville on the banks of the Hudson.

In this variable world, and in our particularly variable quarter of it, the glory of Saratoga as a place of popular resort, would long ago have culminated and passed away, but for the virtues of its priceless waters. With this element of immortality, it has bidden and may forever bid defiance to all the fickle humors of ever-changing Fashion.

## THE WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

IN reading the history of the past, we are astonished at the vast amount of wealth amassed by individuals and communities. The sums are so enormous that we are almost led to doubt the authenticity of history. In every grove some beautiful fountain cast its sparkling jet into the translucent air; triumphal arches, of vast proportions and of gorgeous finish, spanned the streets of every city of any importance; splendid palaces, decked with every beauty that could charm and with every grandeur that could awe, arose as if by the touch of the magician's wand. Cities whose grand old ruins, even at the present day, afford a pleasing study to the antiquary, sprang into existence, and became so magnificent that the wonder has not ceased how such stupendous structures could have been erected by human hands.

During the reign of Pericles, Athens was at the zenith of her glory. In almost every temple might be seen the masterly works of genius; statues from the chisel of Phidias, and paintings from the pencil of Apelles. The Propylea cost the enormous sum of \$2,173,000. It stood a magnificent monument to the taste of Pericles and to the genius of Mnesicles. It was flanked by two temples; and through these gorgeous portals, which modern art in vain attempts to rival, did that proud and luxurious people ascend to the summit of the hill to crown with garlands of fresh flowers the guardian deities of the city. At the base of the Acropolis towered in wondrous splendor the Odeum, whence swelled aloft pæans of love or of victory, which were echoed from the distant boundaries of the Republic. Above the city and above the citadel, whether he journeyed by land or by sea, the traveller, at a great distance, saw the Parthenon, the noblest achievement of Grecian architecture, towering proudly toward the azure sky. Of this stupendous structure M. Lamartine says: 'The aspect of the Parthenon displays, better than history, the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die. What superhuman civilization was that which supplied a great man to command, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuary to execute, workmen to cut, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire such an edifice!' It was erected at an expense of seven hundred thousand dollars.

During the administration of Pericles, the cost of the temples, palaces, and monuments, amounted to near \$3,185,700, which he proposed to the senate should be met from his own private fortune. At this time, the private stock of the Athenians was \$9,379,550. Every kind of luxury was introduced. Vessels from distant ports, laden with the richest delicacies, crowded the Piræus and Phalereus; and upon the

burning deserts of the East, caravans toiled slowly toward the proud capital of Greece. The common food that had nourished the brave and daring heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ, was exchanged for the sickly dainties of a Persian court; and the sparkling waters of Helicon rippled on, while the wines of Ceylon, cooled in Thracian snow, made the brain feel and the eye unsteady.

In point of beauty, power, and wealth, Alexandria succeeded ancient Memphis. In all ages, the East has poured its riches into the laps of those nations that lie toward the setting sun. From one commercial voyage, Solomon realized \$15,000,555. Under the influence of the trade from India, Alexandria rapidly increased in beauty and power, so that when Augustus entered the city, after a short resistance, he pardoned all the inhabitants on account of its splendor and magnificence. The celebrated light-house Pharos, which stood at the extremity of the harbor Portus Eunostus, cost eight hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars; and such was the extent of the prosperity of the city, that a 'single citizen proposed to raise and pay an army out of the profits of his trade.'

For nine hundred and seventy years the prosperity of Alexandria was undisturbed. Through her streets had passed the festive procession of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was the most gorgeous and imposing that the world has ever witnessed, or that history has ever recorded. From morning until night that mighty host, glittering with gems and gold and silver, defiled along. Cars, drawn by five hundred men, and laden with golden crowns, sparkling with brilliant diamonds, rolled over flowers of every hue.

'After this rich equipage,' says Rollin, the historian, 'marched six-hundred youths, habited in white vests, and crowned, some of them with ivy, others with branches of pine. Two hundred and fifty of this band carried golden vases, and four hundred of them vases of silver. Three hundred more carried silver vessels made to keep liquors cool. . . . There were likewise several tables, six feet in length, and supporting a variety of remarkable objects. On one was represented the bed of Semele, on which were disposed several vests, some of golden brocade, others adorned with precious stones. . . . The expedition of Bacchus into the Indies in another car, where the god was represented by a statue eighteen feet in height, and mounted upon an elephant. He was arrayed in purple, and wore a golden crown intermixed with twining ivy and pine leaves. A long thyrsus of gold was in his hand, and his sandals were of the same metal. On the neck of the elephant was seated a satyr, above seven feet high, with a crown of gold, formed in imitation of pine branches, and blowing a kind of trumpet made of a goat's horn. The trappings of the elephant were of gold, and his neck was adorned with a crown of that metal shaped

like the foliage of ivy. . . . After this troupe appeared a long train of chariots, twenty-four of which were drawn by elephants, sixty by he-goats, twelve by lions, six by *oryges*, a species of goat, fifteen by buffaloes, four by wild asses, eight by ostriches, and seven by stags.

. . . On each side of these were three cars drawn by camels, and followed by others drawn by mules. . . . Some of these camels carried three hundred pounds weight of incense; others two hundred of saffron, cinnamon, iris, and other odoriferous spices. At a little distance from these marched a band of Ethiopians armed with pikes. One body of these carried six hundred elephant's teeth; another two thousand branches of ebony; a third sixty cups of gold and silver, with a large quantity of gold dust. . . . They were succeeded by a hundred and fifty men supporting trees to which were fastened species of birds and deer. Cages were also carried, in which were parrots, peacocks, turkey-hens, pheasants, and a great number of Ethiopian birds. . . . The procession was graced with several thrones of gold and ivory, on one of which was a large diadem of gold, and on another a horn of the same metal. A third supported a crown; and a fourth a horn of solid gold. On the throne of Ptolemy Soter, the father of the reigning prince, was a golden crown which weighed ten thousand pieces of gold.\* In this procession were likewise three hundred golden vases, in which perfumes were to be burnt; fifty gilded altars, encompassed with golden crowns. Four torches of gold, fifteen feet in height, were fastened to one of these altars. There were likewise twelve gilded hearts, one of which was eighteen feet in circumference, and sixty in height; and another was only twenty-two feet and a half high. Nine Delphic tripods of gold appeared next, six feet in height; and there were six others, nine feet high. The largest of all was forty-five feet high; on which were placed several animals in gold, seven feet and a half high, and its upper part was encompassed with a golden crown formed of the foliage of vine leaves. . . . Three thousand two hundred crowns of gold were likewise carried in this procession, together with a consecrated crown, of one hundred and twenty feet, most probably in circumference; it was likewise adorned with a profusion of gems, and surrounded the entrance into the temple of Berenice. There was also another golden aegis. Several large crowns of gold were also supported by young virgins richly habited. One of these crowns was three feet in height and twenty-four in circumference. In this procession were also carried a golden cuirass, eighteen feet in height; and another of silver, twenty-seven feet high, on which latter was the representation of two thunderbolts of gold, eighteen

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\* Worth in our coin twenty-five thousand dollars.



feet in length; an oaken crown embellished with jewels; twenty golden bucklers; sixty-four complete suits of golden armor; two boots of the same metal, four and a half feet in length; twelve golden basins; a great number of flagons; ten large vases of perfumes, for the baths; twelve ewers; fifty dishes; and a large number of tables: *all of these were of gold*. There were likewise five tables covered with golden goblets; and a horn of solid gold, forty-five feet in length. . . . There were likewise four hundred chariots laden with vessels and other works of silver; twenty others filled with golden vessels; and eight hundred more appropriated to the carriage of aromatic spices.' The athletic exercises continued several days after this imposing pageant. The victors on that occasion were presented with forty crowns, twenty of which were estimated at 2230 talents, which is equivalent to \$1,672,000.

Internal strife and the Moslem power at length effected the downfall of Alexandria, and the victorious banner of Mohammed waved proudly from its citadel. Amrou, the officer of Omar, said that it was impossible to enumerate the beauty and wealth of this famous city. We will not weary the patience of the reader by dwelling further upon the cost and splendor of the many temples, palaces, cenotaphs, and monuments, that graced the cities of ancient Greece and Rome. We shall also pass over in silence the beautiful hanging-gardens of Babylon, and the great temple of Belus—the wealth of which, in golden vases, statues, censers, cups, and vessels, that pertain to sacred rites, amounted to the enormous sum of one hundred million dollars.

Experience teaches us that the means necessary to the support of large armies are very great. England has not yet recovered—perhaps will never recover—from the heavy debts incurred during the brilliant but unfortunate administration of the elder Pitt. The armies of Greece and Rome were always bountifully supplied with money and provisions. The amount of corn consumed by these vast armies of men and horses was immense; yet Sardinia, Sicily, Thrace, Egypt, and Africa, were equal to the task of supplying them. From Byzantium, every year were transported to Athens 2,400,000 bushels of corn. Rome, also, received a large quantity of bread-stuffs from Thrace. The little country of Judea was so productive that the proceeds arising from its crops amounted to about \$387,450 in gold. Who has not heard of the wines of Lesbos, Cyprus, and Chio? At one time, during the infancy of Lucullus, they were held in such high estimation that only one cup was quaffed at an entertainment.

The first Tarquin triumphed in a vest of gold. Claudius gave the Romans a representation of a sea-fight. Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was present, clad in a long robe woven with golden wire. Artaxerxes wore upon his person gems and jewels to the amount of

\$10,332,000.\* During the reign of Pompey, an individual whose name was Ptolemy commanded and maintained eight hundred horse at his own expense. One thousand persons seated themselves daily at his table, each being furnished with a golden cup, which was changed at every course. Pliny, also, informs us of one Pythias of Bythulia, who entertained one day, in the most splendid manner, the whole army of Xerxes, consisting of 1,700,000 men. To this large army he offered five months' pay and provisions for the whole campaign. At the present time such liberality would not only ruin the fortune of private persons, but would weaken the commercial interest of the most powerful government.

To us, in these hard times, when men's souls seem centred in the 'round rotundity' of the almighty dollar, the salaries of modern *artists* appear enormously large. Mademoiselle Piccolomini, during her recent engagement in New-York, received five thousand dollars per month; in Rome, the salary of Roscius was seventy-five thousand dollars per annum. He finally became so wealthy that he refused a salary, and acted several years without pay. Esopus, the contemporary of Roscius, at an entertainment, produced a dish made of singing-birds, which alone cost \$24,415; and at his death he left his son one million dollars.

Julius Cæsar was captured by the Cilician pirates, who demanded of him \$25,833.30. Cæsar laughed at them and gave them \$43,055.50. Before he enjoyed any public office, he was in debt to the amount of \$1,119,443. In order to appease the people, who demanded Cæsar of the Senate, Cato gave a distribution of bread-corn, which increased the public expense to five million five hundred thousand drachmas, which is equivalent to seven hundred and seventy thousand dollars.† When the government of Spain was allotted to Cæsar, he was so overwhelmed with debt that he could not depart to take charge of his position. He called upon Crassus the Rich, who stood security for him in the sum of \$714,721. He rewarded the bravery of Cassius Cæva by a donation of seven thousand dollars. He paid off the vast debts of the tribune Curio; and presented the consul Paulus with \$1,291,665, which was employed in constructing a new hall near the Forum. He commenced a new building, the ground-plot of which was to have cost him above an hundred million of sesterces. In memory of his daughter, he gave a most extravagant feast to the people; doubled the pay of the legions forever; granted the people corn without measure, and gave each soldier a slave, a piece of land, or a house.‡ He presented an actor for a mimic piece of his own, \$17,500.§ For his

\* Varro apud Pliny, l. xlv. c. 10.

† Sueton. in Julio, pp. 15.

‡ Plutarch apud Julio Cæsare.

§ Ibid. in Julio, pp. 23,823.

mistress, Servilia, mother of M. Brutus, he purchased a pearl, that cost him \$210,000. During his reign, gold and silver became so abundant that it was exchanged throughout Italy at three thousand sesterces per pound. He also decorated the arms of his soldiers with gold and silver, so that they should be the more unwilling to part with them from their great value. Yet, with all his extravagance, he bequeathed to each Roman citizen nine dollars.

Tiberius Caesar rewarded his gladiator with three thousand five hundred dollars. To Sabinus he gave seven thousand dollars for a dialogue between a mushroom and a fig-pecker, and between an oyster and a thrush. He divided his attendants into three classes: to the first he gave six, to the second four, and to the third two hundred thousand sesterces, which is equal to about forty-two thousand dollars.

In many respects Caligula was as great a tyrant as Nero. The former was the cormorant, with all its voracity; the latter was the eagle, without its noblest qualities. There is something sublime in the fact that Nero touched the lyre while Rome was wrapt in flames. But in the whole history of Caligula, there is nothing to excite either our respect or admiration. He lavished thousands, not to make mankind better and happier, but simply to gratify his own evil and vicious desires. He practised incest with his sisters; forced parents to witness the dying agonies of their children; exhibited his wife naked to his friends, and disgraced many noblemen by branding them in the face with a hot iron. He was reckless in the profusion with which he scattered money. He gave to Antiochus of Comagene \$3,500,000. He bathed in a bath of precious unguents; drank priceless pearls, dissolved in vinegar, and ate of golden bread.\* At an auction he made his salesman knock off twelve gladiators to Saturninus, who was so unfortunate as to nod. They amounted to three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. In less than one year he lavished a magnificent estate, and all the treasures amassed by Tiberius, amounting to twenty-seven hundred million of dollars! At another auction, he compelled an individual to pay seven thousand dollars for a mere bauble. He was so fond of handling gold that, having spread it out upon the floor, he would walk over it, and would even lie down upon it.

Augustus Caesar left a legacy to the Roman people of \$1,627,535, yet he complained that his heirs would only have \$5,250,000. Prior to this he had expended upon the government four hundred and ninety thousand dollars, beside his two paternal estates. In addition to this, he wasted \$7,367,535. Nero gave Siridates eight hundred thousand sesterces every day he remained at Rome, and upon his departure presented him with a million more. He also bestowed upon the

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\* Sueton. pp. 191.

harper, Menocrates, and upon the gladiator, Spicillus, the houses and estates of gentlemen who had been once honored with a triumph. We here present the reader with the description of the new palace which Nero erected after the burning of Rome. It is taken from the history of that Emperor, by Suetonius. 'He raised an house, that reached from the palace to the Esquilæ, which he at first called Transitoria; but after it was burnt down and rebuilt, the Golden House, concerning the largeness and furniture of which, it may suffice to say thus much. The porch was so high, that there stood in it a monstrous statue of himself, an hundred and twenty feet in height, and the extent of it such, that it had triple porticos a mile in length, and a pond like a sea, surrounded with buildings, that looked like a city. Besides this, there was within the compass of it corn-fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, with a vast number of beasts, both wild and tame. It was in all the parts of it over-laid with gold, and finely adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The rooms of entertainment were arched with vaults of ivory, that turned round and scattered flowers about the room, and were besides furnished with pipes for the drooping of unguents upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was round, and perpetually turning about night and day, in imitation of the motions of the heavens.' We can form no accurate conception of what this splendid structure cost. The amount of gold consumed in its erection was enough to have enriched a nation at the present time.

Tacitus gives us an account of the magnificent feast presented to Nero, upon Lake Agrippina, by Tigillinus. A platform of great dimensions was erected upon the water. A large number of boats, adorned with ivory and gold were present to move this splendid floating palace. Upon the tables were every dainty — fish from every sea, and game from every forest. The banks were crowded with eager spectators, and bands of naked harlots sported in lascivious dances for the gratification of the wicked emperor. As the shades of night gathered over this scene of luxury and wantonness, from the adjacent groves and houses a most brilliant illumination appeared. Voluptuous music swelled upon the air, and every sacred duty was forgotten in this hour of sinful revelry.

Nero was so extravagant that he never wore the same garments twice. He fished with a golden net; and when he travelled, a thousand carts were necessary to transport his effects. His mules were shod all round with silver, and the drivers were clad in the richest scarlet. Livia Augusta bequeathed to Galba \$1,750,000. In about four months Vitellius expended on the mere luxuries of the table a sum equal to seven million pounds sterling. Nothing could appease his voracious appetite, and nothing was too delicate or too coarse for his vitiated taste. He had acquired the filthy practice of vomiting when-



ever it suited his convenience; hence, having eaten to satiety, he could instantly disgorge what he the previous moment had swallowed. A most extraordinary supper was given him by his brother. At this feast two thousand choice dishes were served up, as well as seven thousand fowls! Vitellius was unwilling that his brother should outdo him; he therefore gave a supper, which surpassed the other. One dish alone was so extensive that he called it the 'Shield of Minerva.' It contained the livers of scapes, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, intermingled with tongues of flamingoes. To this banquet and for this feast, ships of war were filled with the entrails of lampreys, obtained from the Carpathian Sea and from the Spanish Straits.

Vespasian said that \$1,400,000 were necessary to carry on a government. He paid the Latin and Greek Professors of Rhetoric a yearly stipend of three thousand five hundred dollars. He also gave to the tragedian, Apollinaris, the sum of fourteen thousand dollars; to Lepinus and Diodonis, the harpers, ten thousand five hundred dollars; and the least he presented to any performer was forty sesterces, besides a great many golden crowns. He bestowed upon a lady four thousand dollars for lying with him one night. By means of war and fires Marcus Crassus amassed a vast fortune. He began life comparatively a poor man, but in a short time he owned a considerable portion of Rome. After he had consecrated the tenth part of an estate to Hercules, had given an entertainment to the people, and a supply of corn to each citizen, he was then worth \$7,500,000. He had five hundred slaves, who were mechanics, and he also worked several silver mines.

One of the most magnificent triumphal honors of which we have any mention, was that given by the Romans to Paulus Æmilius, who conquered Perseus. The temples in the city were decorated with beautiful garlands; incense smoked upon a thousand altars; in every place scaffolds were erected for the convenience of the people; and officers of every rank and dignity hurried to-and-fro in busy preparation. The eye of the spectator was dazzled by the burnished brass and glittering steel; helmets, shields, and greaves were beautifully arranged; and the clangor that arose from the Thracian bucklers, targets, quivers, naked swords, and long, keen pikes, fastened to the horses' bits, and continually striking together, was fearful to hear. For three days this gorgeous procession marched through the streets of Rome. Three thousand men bore vessels filled with silver money, to the amount of \$1,937,250; and seventy-seven other vessels were borne, laden with golden coin to the amount of \$397,792. In this procession was also carried an immense consecrated bowl, wrought of gold and adorned with precious stones. It weighed six hundred pounds!

It will be seen that the ancients placed a very high value upon golden and silver vessels. In the first ages of the Christian era, a

Roman Emperor purchased two, for which he paid ten thousand dollars—a cup, capable of holding three sextarii, (four-and-a-half pints,) for \$60,270, and a dish for \$258,300. Gems were also held in high estimation. I have already mentioned the pearl presented to Servilia by Julius Cæsar, which cost him \$210,000. Nonnius possessed an opal of such great beauty and value, that, rather than part with it to Mark Anthony, he went into exile. We shall produce only one example to show what value the ancients set upon painting. The celebrated Venus Anadyomene was purchased by Augustus for one hundred thousand dollars. This work was executed by Apelles. Bucephalus cost Philip King of Macedon about \$13,777. Alexander made a present to the philosopher, Xenocrates, of \$43,055. At Susa, in Persia, he gave a feast to those of the Macedonians who had wedded Persian ladies, at which were no less than nine thousand persons seated at the table, to each of whom he presented a golden goblet. In addition to this great munificence, he paid off all their debts, insomuch that the whole expense amounted to \$8,438,878.

The funeral pageant of Alexander has never been surpassed. In many respects it equalled the festive train of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The monarch died at Babylon, and was buried in the mosque of St. Athanasius at Alexandria. The grandees and governors appointed Aridæus to prepare for this august funeral. Two years were consumed in the preparation, and every splendor that wealth could buy was lavished with profusion. At length the day arrived for this solemn and magnificent procession to begin its march. Hills were levelled, all uneven places were made smooth, and every obstacle that could impede the funeral-train was removed by a vast number of workmen. The chariot that contained the coffin of the monarch was adorned with such wealth of jewels and diadems, that it is said to have emitted brilliant flashes, like those of lightning. The spokes of this chariot were covered with gold. It was drawn by sixty-four mules of the largest size, and each was adorned with a crown of gold and a collar, enriched with precious stones and golden bells. On this chariot was erected a pavilion of solid gold, twelve feet wide and eighteen in length. The inside surpassed the outside in splendor and brilliancy, being one blaze of jewels arranged in the shape of shells. Golden net-work beautified the circumference, and the golden threads were an inch in thickness, to each of which were fastened large bells, which could be heard to a great distance. It would only weary the reader to mention all the jewels and golden crowns that were borne in this procession. Enough has been said to show the great amount of gold that was displayed on that occasion.

## T H E R A I N O N T H E R O O F .

THE dull, dark night sinks down the roof,  
It brings the clouds, the mist, the rain;  
The embers dying on the hearth,  
Ah! will they flash and flame again?

Is that a step upon the stairs?  
I need not wait to hear the proof;  
The stealthy rain has come to-night,  
I hear it creeping down the roof.

But sit with me, the embers watch  
Amid the pale-white ashes glow,  
That shoot out stars of crimson light,  
Like rubies on a bed of snow.

You will not wonder that I seemed  
To hear those foot-steps on the stairs;  
Indeed I've heard them oft before,  
Yes, even in my secret prayers.

I cannot see, but fancy still  
My sainted child looks in my face,  
And think the shadow of a wing  
Makes heavenly twilight in the place.

Her deep-blue eyes looked out of curls  
That fell in soft and waving lines;  
You would have thought that you had found  
Two violets amid the vines.

We gazed within their azure depths,  
As through a long and shaded aisle,  
That into heaven ran afar —  
God only let us look awhile.

This bitter rain has dripped but twice  
Since last we heard her little feet  
Drop music all adown the stairs:  
And now — they press the golden street.

Such music as the rain-drops make,  
Those passing feet made every day.  
One eve they stopped, and then — we knew  
That they had climbed the heavenly way.

I seem to hear them ever now,  
As if some JACOB'S ladder bound  
My soul to heaven's wide-opened door,  
And angels touched each crystal round.

And thus I love to sit and think  
My child may up this ladder go  
I did not dream that I should find  
My Bethel in my wasting wo.

## THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

Sursum Corda! (Lift up your hearts.)

*August 20th.*

At length this extraordinary soul has yielded up to me the secret of its tempests! Would she had kept it forever!

For some days after the last scenes which I have related, Mlle. Marguérite, as if ashamed of the impulses of youth and freedom, to which she had for an instant yielded, had allowed to fall over her brow a thicker veil of sorrowful pride, defiance, and disdain. In the midst of the noisy pleasures, fêtes, and dances, which followed one another at the chateau, she glided like a shadow, indifferent, icy, and sometimes irritated. Her irony attacked with inconceivable bitterness, sometimes the purest enjoyments of the mind, those which spring from contemplation and study; and sometimes even the noblest and most inviolable feelings. If any exhibition of courage or virtue was mentioned before her, she would at once turn it over to find its selfish side; if one had the misfortune to light in her presence the smallest grain of incense on the altar of art, she would extinguish it with a back-hand blow. Her short, dry, terrible laugh, which sat on her lips like the mockery of a fallen angel, was furiously withering against enthusiasm and passion, the noblest faculties of the human soul, wherever she saw a trace of them. This strange spirit of calumniation took, I noticed, a character of especial persecution and downright hostility with regard to me. I did not understand, and do not yet very clearly understand, how I could have deserved these particular attentions; for, if it is true that I bear in my heart a firm religious belief in ideal and eternal things, one of which only death can deprive me, (Great God! what should I have left, if that were gone!) I am in no way inclined to public ecstasy, and my admiration, like my love, will never be an inconvenience to any one. But I in vain observed, with more scrupulousness than ever, the kind of modesty which befits true feeling. I gained nothing by it; I was suspected of poetry. Romantic chimeras were imputed to me, for the pleasure of combating them; a ridiculous harp of some sort was put in my hands, simply for the diversion of breaking its strings.

Although this war, declared against every thing that rises above the material interests and dry realities of life, was no new feature in Mlle. Marguérite's character, it was abruptly exaggerated and envenomed, so far as to wound the hearts which are most attached to the young girl. One day Mlle. de Porhoët, tired out by this incessant sarcasm, said to her, before me: 'My darling, for some time there has been a devil in you, which you will do well to exorcise as soon as possible:



otherwise you will end by making an unholy trio with Mme. Aubry and Mme. de Saint Cast; I warn you plainly. For my own part, I do n't pretend to be, or to have ever been, a very romantic person, but I like to think that there still are in the world some souls capable of generous feeling; I believe in disinterestedness, were it only in my own; I even believe in heroism, for I have known heroes. Moreover, I take a pleasure in hearing the little birds sing under my hornbeam, and in building my cathedral in the clouds as they float by. All that may be very absurd, my sweet child; but I will venture to remind you that these illusions are the treasures of the poor, that Monsieur and I have no other treasures, and that we are singular enough not to complain about it.'

Another day, after enduring with my usual impassibility Mlle. Marguérite's scarcely-veiled sarcasms, her mother took me aside: 'Monsieur Maxime,' she said, 'my daughter torments you a little; I beg you to excuse it. You must notice that her character is changed for some time past.'

'Your daughter seems more abstracted than usual.'

'And not without reason, too; she is on the point of making a very serious resolution, and it is a moment when a young girl's humor is tossed about by any wind of folly.'

I bowed without replying.

'You are now,' Mme. Laroque continued, 'a friend of the family; in which capacity I shall be obliged if you will tell me what you think of M. de Bévallan.'

'M. de Bévallan, Madame, has a very fine fortune, I believe; a little less than yours, but a very fine one still; about one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year.'

'Yes; but what is your opinion of the man himself, of his character?'

'Madame, M. de Bévallan is what is called a very polished gentleman. He does not want for sense, and passes for an upright man.'

'But do you think he will make my daughter happy?'

'I do not think he will make her unhappy; he has not a malicious spirit.'

'What on earth am I to do? He does not please me at all, but he is the only one who does please Marguérite at all; and then there are so few men with a hundred and fifty thousand a year! You can understand that my daughter, in her position, has not wanted for suitors. For two or three years we have been literally besieged. Well, this must come to an end. I am ill, and may go off any day; my daughter would be left without any protection. And since this is a marriage which will satisfy all the requirements of society, and which the world will certainly approve of, I should be to blame if I did not lend myself

to it. I am accused already of suggesting romantic ideas to my daughter: the truth is, I suggest nothing to her. She has a head entirely her own. And now what do you advise me to do?’

‘Will you allow me to ask what is Mlle. de Porhoët’s opinion? She is a person of great judgment and experience, and is, besides, entirely devoted to you.’

‘Ah! if I took Mlle. de Porhoët’s advice, I should send M. de Bévalan far enough. But she speaks about it very much at her ease. When he is gone, it is not Mlle. de Porhoët who will marry my daughter!’

‘In point of fortune, Madame, M. de Bévalan is certainly an unusual match, it must not be disguised from you; and if you rigorously demand a hundred thousand a year?’

‘But I don’t demand a hundred thousand francs a year, any more than a hundred sous, my dear Sir. Only it does n’t concern me, it concerns my daughter. Well, I can’t give her to a mason, can I? I should like well enough myself to be a mason’s wife; but what would have made me happy, perhaps would not make my daughter so. When I give her in marriage, I have to consult generally received ideas, and not my own.’

‘Well, Madame, if this marriage suits you, and if it equally suits your daughter ——’

‘But it does not, it does not suit me, nor my daughter either; it is a marriage — why, it is a marriage of convenience, and that is all!’

‘Am I to understand that it is quite decided on?’

‘No, for I am asking your advice. If it were so, my daughter would be calmer. It is this hesitation that upsets her, and then ——’

Mme. Laroque plunged into the shade of the little dome that surmounts her easy-chair, and added: ‘Have you any idea of what is going on in that unhappy brain?’

‘None whatever, Madame.’

Her sparkling glance dwelt on me for a moment. She heaved a deep sigh, and said in a gentle and sorrowful tone: ‘Go, Sir; I will not detain you any longer.’

The confidence with which I had just been honored, had caused me small surprise. For some time it was evident that Mlle. Marguérite was devoting to M. de Bévalan all the sympathy she could still retain for humanity. These tokens, nevertheless, were the appearance of friendly preference rather than of passionate tenderness. It must be said, however, that this preference is capable of being explained. M. de Bévalan, whom I have never liked, and of whom I have given in these pages, in spite of myself, a caricature rather than a portrait, combines the greatest number of the qualities and defects which usually enlist the sympathies of women. Modesty is absolutely wanting to him;

but that suits him wonderfully, for women do not like it. He has that witty, sarcastic, and calm assurance which nothing can intimidate, which readily intimidates others, and which every where secures to a man who is endowed with it, a kind of rule and an appearance of superiority. His tall figure, his large features, his skill in physical exercises, his renown as a steeple-chaser and hunter, lend him a manly authority which imposes on the timid sex. Lastly, he has in his eyes a spirit of boldness, of enterprise, and conquest, which is not contradicted by his manners; which troubles women, and stirs up a secret ardor in their souls. It is right to add that advantages of this kind have full value in general only with vulgar hearts; but Mlle. Marguerite's heart, which I had at first been tempted, as is always the case, to rate as highly as her beauty, seemed to be making a display, this some time past, of sentiments of a very inferior order; and I thought her quite capable of yielding, without resistance and without enthusiasm, with the passive coldness of a sluggish imagination, to the charms of this common-place conqueror, and the subsequent yoke of a marriage of respectability.

In all this it was highly necessary to come to a decision, and I did so more easily than I could have thought possible a month sooner; for I had used all my courage to combat the first temptations to a love, of which good sense and honor equally disapproved; and she herself, who, without knowing it, made this combat necessary, had, also without knowing it, powerfully aided me. If she had been unable to hide her beauty from me, she had at least unveiled her soul, and my own at once half-retained within itself. A trifling unhappiness, no doubt, to the young millionaire, but a real happiness to me!

Meanwhile I made a journey to Paris, whither I was called by Mme. Laroque's interests, and by my own. I came back two days ago, and on my arrival at the chateau, I was told that old M. Laroque had been asking for me repeatedly since the morning. I hastened to his apartment. As he perceived me, a pale smile flitted over his withered cheeks; he fixed on me a look in which I thought I read an expression of malignant joy and secret triumph, and then said to me in a dull, hollow voice: 'Sir! Monsieur de Saint Cast is dead!'

This news, which the singular old man had insisted on giving me himself, was correct. During the preceding night, poor General de Saint Cast had been attacked with a fit of apoplexy, and in one hour he had been taken away from the wealthy and luxurious existence which he owed to Mme. de Saint Cast. Immediately the event was known in the chateau, Mme. Aubry had caused herself to be speedily conveyed to her friend's house; and these two companions, Doctor Desmarets told us, had passed the day in exchanging a whole string of original and striking ideas, on death, the swiftness of its attacks,

the impossibility of foreseeing or guarding against them, the uselessness of regret, which will not bring the dead to life again, and on time as a consoler. After which they sat down to dinner, and recruited their strength very sweetly. 'Come, eat, Madame; you must sustain yourself, God wishes it,' said Mme. Aubry. At dessert, Mme. de Saint Cast had a bottle of some Spanish wine brought up, which the General used to adore, in consideration of which she begged Mme. Aubry to taste it. Mme. Aubry obstinately refusing to taste it alone, Mme. de Saint Cast let herself be persuaded that God also wished she should take a glass of Spanish wine and a crust. They did not drink the General's health.

Yesterday morning, Mme. Laroque and her daughter, dressed in deep mourning, stepped into the carriage; I took a seat by them. We reached the little neighboring town toward ten o'clock. While I attended the General's funeral, these ladies joined with Mme. Aubry to form the customary circle round the widow. The sad ceremony over, I returned to the house of mourning, and was ushered, with some friends of the family, into the celebrated drawing-room, the furniture of which cost fifteen thousand francs. In the funereal half-light which reigned there, I distinguished, on a sofa worth twelve hundred francs, the inconsolable shadow of Mme. de Saint Cast, enveloped in much crape, of which we soon learned the price. By her side was Mme. Aubry, presenting an image of the greatest physical and moral weakness. Half-a-dozen relations and friends completed the mournful group. While we were arranging ourselves in line at the other end of the room, there was a sound of moving feet and creaking of the floor; then a gloomy silence once more reigned in the mausoleum. Only from time to time there rose from the sofa a lamentable sigh, which Mme. Aubry immediately repeated like a faithful echo.

At length came in a young man, who had delayed a little in the street, to take time to finish a cigar which he had lighted on leaving the cemetery. As he glided discreetly into our ranks, Mme. de Saint Cast saw him.

'Is that you, Arthur?' she said in a voice like a breath.

'Yes, aunt,' said the young man, advancing like a vedette in front of our line.

'Well,' returned the widow, in the same plaintive, drawling tone, 'is it over?'

'Yes, aunt,' was the answer given in a curt and deliberate tone, by the young Arthur, who seemed to be a young fellow that was pretty well satisfied with himself.

A pause followed, after which Mme. de Saint Cast drew from the depths of her soul this new series of questions: 'Did it go off well?'

'Very well, aunt, very well.'

‘Many people present?’

‘The whole town, aunt, the whole town.’

‘The troops?’

‘Yes, aunt, the whole garrison and the band.’

Mme. de Saint Cast groaned audibly, and then added: ‘The sappers?’

‘The sappers too, aunt, most assuredly.’

I do not know what it was in this last circumstance that could so painfully lacerate Mme. de Saint Cast’s heart, but she did not resist it; a sudden fainting fit, accompanied by an infantine wailing, called round her all the resources of female sensibility, and gave us an opportunity to escape. I took good care, for my part, to profit by it. I could not endure to see that ridiculous harpy performing her hypocritical mummary over the grave of the weak but good and true man whose life she had embittered, and whose end she had probably hastened.

A few minutes later, Mme. Laroque sent to propose to me to accompany her as far as the farm-house at Langoat, situated five or six leagues farther, in the direction of the coast. She calculated on going to dine there with her daughter; the farmer’s wife, who had been Mlle. Marguerite’s nurse, is ill at present, and the ladies have for some time proposed giving her this mark of their interest. We set out at two in the afternoon. It was one of the hottest days of this hot season. The open curtains let into the carriage the thick scorching effluvia which a burning sky spread abundantly over the parched moorland.

The conversation suffered from the languor of our minds. Mme. Laroque, who alleged she was in Paradise, and who had at length dispensed with her furs, remained buried in a quiet ecstasy. Mlle. Marguerite played with her fan, with Spanish gravity. While we ascended the endless hills of this country, we saw legions of small, silver-backed lizards swarming on the calcined rocks, and heard the continual cracking of the broom opening its ripe pods in the sun.

In the middle of one of these laborious ascents, a voice cried suddenly from the road-side: ‘Stop, if you please!’ And a tall, bare-legged girl, holding a distaff in her hand, and wearing the antique costume and ducal cap of the peasants of the district, quickly crossed the ditch; she upset some terrified sheep, whose shepherdess she seemed to be, settled herself on the step, and showed us in the frame of the carriage-window her brown, composed, and smiling face. ‘Excuse me, ladies,’ she said, in the short, melodious accent which marks the speech of the people of the country, ‘would you be so kind as to read me that?’ And she drew from her bosom a letter, folded in the old fashion.



‘Read it, Sir,’ said Mme. Laroque, laughing, ‘and read it aloud, if it is possible.’

I took the letter, which was a love-letter. It was very minutely addressed to Mlle. Christine Oyadec, borough of —, commune of —, farm of —. The writing was that of a very uncultivated hand, but one that seemed sincere. The date proclaimed that Mlle. Christine had received the missive two or three weeks before; apparently the poor girl, not being able to read, and not wishing to reveal her secret to the malice of her neighbors, had waited till some passing stranger, both benevolent and instructed, should come and give her the key to the mystery which had burned her bosom for a fortnight. Her widely-opened blue eye was fixed on me with a look of inexpressible eagerness, while I painfully deciphered the slanting lines of the letter, which was conceived in the following terms:

‘Mademoiselle, this is to tell you that since the day when we spoke together on the moor after vespers, my mind has not changed, and that I am anxious to learn yours; my heart, Mademoiselle, is all yours, as I desire that yours should be all mine, and if that is the case, you may be very sure and certain that there is not a more loving soul on earth or in heaven than your friend —, who does not sign; but you know very well who, Mademoiselle.’

‘Why, you don’t know who, do you, Mademoiselle Christine?’ said I, giving her back the letter.

‘Very possibly,’ she said, showing her white teeth, and gravely shaking her young head, radiant with happiness. ‘Thank you, ladies, and you, Sir.’ She jumped down from the step, and soon disappeared in the under-wood, flinging towards the sky the joyous and sounding notes of a Breton song.

Mme. Laroque had followed with evident delight all the details of this pastoral scene, which sweetly flattered her chimera; she smiled, she dreamed in the presence of that happy bare-footed girl, she was charmed. Still, when Mlle. Oyadec was out of sight, a strange idea suddenly came into Mme. Laroque’s thoughts; it was that, after all, she would not have done so much amiss to give the shepherdess a five-franc piece, besides her admiration.

‘Alain!’ she cried, ‘call her back!’

‘What for, mother?’ said Mlle. Marguerite, eagerly, who had hitherto seemed to pay no attention to the occurrence.

‘Why, my child, perhaps the girl does not understand altogether what pleasure I should find, and she herself ought to find, in running about barefoot in the dust: in any case I think it fitting to leave her something to remember me by.’

‘Money!’ returned Mademoiselle Marguerite; ‘O mother! do n’t do that! Do n’t mix up money with the child’s happiness!’

This expression of refined feeling, which poor Christine, by the way, would perhaps not have immensely appreciated, did not fail to astonish me, coming from the mouth of Mlle. Marguérite, who does not generally pique herself on this quintessence. I even thought that she was joking, although her face showed no inclination to merriment. However that may be, her caprice, joke or no joke, was taken very seriously by her mother, and it was enthusiastically decided that the idyl should be left with its innocence and its bare feet.

After the display of this fine trait, Mme. Laroque, evidently well pleased with herself, sank back in smiling ecstasy, and Mlle. Marguérite went on playing with her fan with redoubled gravity. In another hour we reached the end of our journey. Like the majority of the farms in this country, where the heights and the table-land are covered with barren moors, the farm of Langoat is situated in the hollow of a valley traversed by a water-course. The farmer's wife, who was recovering her health, began without delay to prepare the dinner, for which we had taken care to bring the chief ingredients. It was served on the natural turf of a meadow, in the shade of an enormous chestnut. Mme. Laroque, though installed in a vastly inconvenient position on the cushions of the carriage, looked none the less radiant. Our party, she said, reminded her of the groups of reapers we see in summer-time, gathering under the shade of a hedge, and whose rustic banquets she could never contemplate without envy. For my part, I might perhaps under other circumstances have found a singular sweetness in the close and easy intimacy which a repast on the grass, like all scenes of the kind, did not fail to establish between the guests; but I thrust away with painful feelings of self-restraint a charm too liable to repentance, and the bread of this transient brotherhood seemed bitter to me.

As we were finishing dinner, Mme. Laroque said to me, 'Have you ever been up yonder?' and pointed to the summit of a very high hill that overlooked the plain.

'No, Madame.'

'Oh! that is a pity. There is a very fine view from it. You must see it. While they put to the horses, Marguérite will take you there; won't you, Marguérite?'

'I, mother? I have been there but once, and that a long time ago. But I shall easily find the way. Come, Sir, prepare for a rough climb.'

We began at once, Mlle. Marguérite and I, to ascend a very steep path that wound along the side of the mountain, passing here and there through a clump of trees. The young girl stopped from time to time in her light and rapid ascent, to look if I was following, and smiled at me without speaking, being a little out of breath with run-

ning. On reaching the bare moor, which formed the table-land, I perceived at a little distance a village church, the little belfry standing out with its square edges clear against the sky. 'That is the place,' said my young guide, walking more swiftly. Behind the church was a walled grave-yard. She opened the gate, and made her way with difficulty through the tall grass and trailing brambles that encumbered the field of repose, towards the extremity of it, where there is a kind of semi-circular arrangement of steps. Two or three steps, loosened by time, and very strangely ornamented with massive spheres, lead to a narrow platform of the same height as the wall; a granite cross rises in the centre of the semi-circle.

Mlle. Marguérite had no sooner reached the platform and cast a look over the space thus revealed to her, than I saw her place her hands obliquely above her eyes, as if she felt a sudden dizziness. I hastened to join her. The beautiful day, now near its close, lighted up with its dying splendors a vast, strange, and sublime scene, which I shall never forget. Before us, and at an immense depth below our elevation, extended, as far as the eye could reach, a kind of marsh studded with shining spots, and offering the appearance of a world not quite abandoned by a subsiding deluge. This wide bay came right under our feet, into the heart of the hollowed mountains. On the ridges of sand and mud that separated the occasional pools, was a mingled growth of reeds and marine grasses, dyed with a thousand shades, all equally sombre and yet distinct, which contrasted with the brilliant surface of the waters. At each of its rapid steps towards the horizon, the sun illuminated or plunged in shade some of the numberless lakes that speckled the half-dried-up bay. It seemed to be drawing from its heavenly casket the most precious things, silver, gold, rubies, and diamonds, to make them sparkle in their turns on every point of the magnificent plain. When the sun touched the bounds of its career, a vaporous and watery band, which skirted in the distance the extreme limit of the marshes, suddenly grew purple with the glare of a conflagration, and preserved for a moment the radiant transparence of a cloud furrowed by the thunderbolt. I was wholly absorbed in contemplating this picture, so truly stamped with the Divine greatness, and which was traversed by the memory of Cæsar as another ray of light, when a low and apparently stifled voice murmured near me: 'O God! how beautiful it is!'

I was far from expecting this sympathetic expression of feeling from my young companion. I turned towards her with the eagerness of surprise, which was not lessened when the change in her features and the slight trembling of her lips attested the deep sincerity of her admiration.

'You confess it is beautiful!' I said to her.

She shook her head; but at the same moment two tears escaped

from her large eyes; she felt them trickling down her cheeks, and made a gesture of vexation; then, suddenly casting herself upon the granite cross, the base of which served as her foot-hold, she embraced it with both hands, pressed her head strongly against the stone, and I heard her sob convulsively.

I thought it my duty not to disturb by a single word the free course of this sudden emotion, and I retreated a few paces with respect. After a moment, seeing her raise her forehead, and arrange with a troubled hand her disordered hair, I drew near again.

‘How ashamed I am!’ she murmured.

‘Be happy, rather, and cease, believe me, to seek to dry up the fountain of those tears; for it is sacred. Moreover, you will never succeed.’

‘I must!’ the young girl cried, with a kind of violence. ‘And it is done! This fit was only a surprise. Every thing that is beautiful, and every thing that is lovely, I will hate, and I do hate!’

‘And why, in God’s name?’

She looked me in the face, and added, with a gesture of unspeakable pride and sorrow: ‘Because I am beautiful, and yet can not be loved!’

Then, like a long-restrained torrent at length bursting its banks, she went on with extraordinary impetuosity. ‘Still it is true,’ and she placed her hand on her breast, ‘God placed in this heart all the treasures that I mock at, that I blaspheme every hour of the day! But when He inflicted wealth upon me, alas! He took back with one hand what He lavished on me with the other. Of what good is my beauty, of what good the devotion, the tenderness, the enthusiasm, with which I feel myself consumed? Ah! it is not these charms to which is paid the homage with which so many villains weary me! I divine it, I know it — I know it too well! And if ever some disinterested, generous, heroic soul should love me for what I am, and not for what I am worth, I should not believe it. Mistrust always! That is my penalty, my punishment. And so I am resolved; I will never love! Never will I risk the pouring into a vile, unworthy, venal heart the pure passion that burns my heart. My soul shall die a maid within my breast! Well, I am resigned; but all that is beautiful, all that makes me dream, all that speaks to me of forbidden skies, all that stirs within me a useless flame — I put it away, I hate it, I will none of it!’ She stopped, trembling with emotion; then, in a lower tone, she added: ‘I have not sought this moment, Sir; I have not weighed my words; I had not intended all this confidence for you; but I have at length spoken, and you know all: and if I may ever have wounded your feelings, I think you will forgive me now.’

She gave me her hand. As my lip touched that warm hand, still wet with tears, a mortal languor seemed to descend into my veins.

As for Marguérite, she turned aside her head, fixed her eyes for a moment on the darkened horizon, then slowly descending the steps, said: 'Let us go.'

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*August 20th.*

A LONGER but easier road than the steep slope of the mountain, brought us back to the farm-yards without a single word having been spoken between us. Alas! what could I have said? I was more liable to be suspected than another.

I felt that every word escaped from my too full heart would only have widened still further the distance that separates me from that overshadowed and adorable soul.

The night had now fallen, and took from our eyes any trace of our common emotion. We set out. Mme. Laroque, after again telling us of the pleasure which she carried away with her from this day, began to dream of it. Mlle. Marguérite, invisible and motionless in the thick shade of the carriage, seemed asleep like her mother; but when a turn in the road allowed a ray of pale brightness to fall on her, her open, fixed eye proved that she was watching in silence, alone with her inconsolable reflection. For my part, I can hardly tell what I thought: a strange sensation, compounded of deep joy and deep bitterness, had taken entire possession of me, and I gave myself up to it, as we sometimes give ourselves up to a dream of which we are conscious, and of which we have not the strength to shake off the charm.

We reached home toward midnight. I got out of the carriage at the beginning of the avenue, in order to reach my apartments by the shorter way across the park. As I was entering a dark path, a slight sound of steps and voices near me struck upon my ear, and I dimly distinguished two shadows in the darkness. The hour was late enough to justify the precaution which I took, of remaining concealed in the thick clump of trees, and observing these two nocturnal marauders. They passed slowly before me: I recognized Mlle. Héloûin, leaning on M. de Bévallan's arm. Just then the roll of the carriage gave them the alarm, and, after a pressure of the hand, they parted hastily, Mlle. Héloûin escaping in the direction of the chateau, and the other on the side of the wood.

Returned to my room, and still full of this adventure, I asked myself angrily if I should allow M. de Bévallan freely to pursue his double-dealing in love-matters, and to seek a bride and a mistress at the same time in the same house. I am certainly too much a man of my age and times to feel the vigorous hatred of a puritan for certain weaknesses, and I have not the hypocrisy to affect it; but I think that the freest and laxest morality on this point still admits some degrees of dignity, elevation, and delicacy. People walk more or less straight in these by-paths. After all, the excuse for love is loving;



and the senseless profusion of tenderness on M. de Bévallan's part took away all appearance of absorbing passion. Such loves cease to be faults; they have not enough moral value; they are nothing but the calculations and wages of a stupid jockey.

The various incidents of this evening, standing side by side in my mind, proved satisfactorily to me how utterly unworthy this man was of the hand and heart which he dared to covet. This union would be monstrous. And yet I soon felt that I could not, with the purpose of frustrating his designs, make use of the weapons which chance had just furnished to me. The best of ends cannot justify vile means, and there is nothing honorable in any kind of tale-bearing. This marriage will take place, then! Heaven will allow one of the noblest creatures it has ever formed, to fall into the arms of this cold libertine! It will permit this profanation! Alas! it permits so many others!

I then sought to discover by what process of false reasoning this young girl had chosen this man from among all. I think I hit upon it. M. de Bévallan is very rich: he will bring a fortune almost equal to that which he will receive; that seems a kind of guarantee: he could dispense with this increase of riches, and he is presumed to be more disinterested than others, because he is less needy. A melancholy argument! What a boundless disdain, to estimate characters by the degree of their venality! Three quarters of the time, greediness swells with wealth; and the poorest people are not the greatest beggars!

But was there no appearance that Mlle. Marguérite might be able to open her eyes of herself to the unworthiness of her choice, and to find, in some secret prompting of her own heart, the advice which it was forbidden me to suggest to her? Might there not suddenly spring up in that heart, some new, unexpected feeling, which should extinguish the vain determinations of reason, and annihilate them? Was not this very feeling already born there? And had I not received irrefragable proof of it? So many strange caprices, hesitations, combats, and tears, of which I had for some time been the occasion or the witness, undoubtedly announced a reason that was wavering and far from master of itself. I was no longer sufficiently fresh to life to be unaware that a scene, like that of which chance made me on that very evening the confident and almost the accomplice — however unpremeditated it may be — does not burst forth in an atmosphere of indifference. Such emotions, and such convulsions, pre-suppose two souls already troubled by a kindred tempest, or about to be so.

But if it were true, if she loved me, as it was already too certain that I loved her, I might say of this love as she said of her beauty: 'Of what good is it?' For I could not hope that it would ever have strength enough to triumph over the eternal mistrust which is the

fault and the virtue of this noble girl : a mistrust, the insult of which my character, I venture to say, repels ; but which my situation, more than any other, is calculated to inspire. Between this terrible gloom and the reserve that it imposes on me, what miracle could fill up the abyss ? And even should this miracle be interposed, should she condescend to offer me that hand for which I would give my life, but which I will never ask, would our union be happy ? Shall I not have to fear, sooner or later, some dim revival of ill-repressed mistrust in that restless imagination ? Could I defend myself from all painful after-thought in the midst of borrowed riches ? Could I enjoy without uneasiness a love that was tainted by a benefit ? Our part of protection towards women is so formally imposed on us by every feeling of honor, that it can not be inverted for a single moment, even in all honesty, without some shade of doubt or suspicion being spread about us. In truth, riches are not so great an advantage that they can have nothing set against them in this world, and I suppose that a man who brings to his wife, in exchange, certain bags of gold, a name which he has made famous, eminent deserts, a high position, or a future, need not be overwhelmed with gratitude ; but as for me, my hands are empty, my future is no more than my present ; of all the advantages which the world appreciates, I have but one, my title ; and I should be very determined not to bear it, so that it might not be said it was the price of the bargain. In short, I should be receiving every thing and giving nothing : a king may marry a shepherdess ; it is generous and pleasing, and he may safely be congratulated on it : but a shepherd who should allow himself to be married to a queen, that would not look quite so well.

I have passed the whole night in revolving all these matters in my poor brain, and in seeking for a conclusion which is yet to seek. Perhaps I ought without delay to leave this house and this country. Wisdom would have it so. All this can come to no good end. What mortal vexation we should often spare ourselves by a single minute's courage and decision ! I ought at any rate be overwhelmed with sorrow ; I never had so fine an opportunity. Well, I can not do it ! In the depth of my confounded and tortured mind lies a thought which prevails over every thing, and fills me with superhuman gladness. My soul is as light as a bird of the air. I incessantly see, I always shall see, that little grave-yard, that distant sea, that boundless horizon, and on that radiant summit that angel of beauty, bathed in divine tears ! I still feel her hand beneath my lip ; I feel her tears in my eyes, in my heart ! I love her ! Well, to-morrow, if need be, I will make a resolution. Till then, for God's sake, let me be left in quiet. It is long since I have abused happiness. It may be that I shall die of this love ; I wish to live peacefully with it one whole day !

## THE HEART-HISTORY OF A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. P. KING.

HERE Mrs. Sutherland sighed and paused. A feverish spot burnt in either cheek, as she looked up. Olivia was all attention.

‘Are you tired, Olivia?’

‘No; very much interested — pray go on.’

‘It is not a connected story, they are only detached fragments, showing different scenes — scenes which marked and made this young girl’s life. I am no novelist,’ she concluded, smiling faintly.

‘You have the merit of pleasing your only public — myself. But I do n’t like Harry Trevor.’

‘Then,’ said Mrs. Sutherland, growing perceptibly pale, ‘it is my fault, for at that time he was worthy of love. I have not drawn him to the life, if he is not lovable with all his faults.’

‘No. He was selfish,’ Olivia said, shaking her head; ‘selfish and violent.’

Mrs. Sutherland made no reply, and mechanically fluttered the leaves of the ms. with her eyes bent down.

‘Do go on; what comes next?’

‘I must fill up the hiatus first. Eight months have passed between this day and the next appearance of my hero and heroine; nearly a year. Their faults have not been much corrected. I suppose it was as the wise father said: ‘They acted unhappily upon each other, and either would have been better with somebody else.’ Helen went to the city as usual, and staid with her Aunt Leslie, her father’s sister, during ‘the season.’ She needed her mother’s care then more than ever, but no one suspected it. Her tacit engagement with Trevor was unannounced, and not quite believed by any body. The families were intimate and distantly connected by marriage, which accounted for any undue intimacy. Besides, Mr. Latimer, while he laid little restraint upon their private intercourse, made that permission depend upon public deference to his wishes. He evidently desired that Helen should receive untrammelled attentions, and thereby judge of her own constancy and the strength of her attachment. This might be called unfair to Trevor, but he was not bound in any way either, and true it was, that if Helen accepted the bouquets, bonbons, and devotions of half the youths in society, Trevor kept up a kind of partly sentimental, partly brotherly, partly laughing attention to two or three very pretty girls and one or two very gay matrons who waltzed *à ravir* and petted him *à l’outrance*.

‘In especial, there was a Mrs. St. Clair, witty, dazzling, wicked, kind-hearted in the main, but deadly fond of mischief. She guessed with true woman’s keenness the concealed betrothal, and as poor Helen undertook to resent the rivalry, instead of enlisting the good-will of this dangerous marauder, Mrs. St. Clair used to make the girl feel that no single woman, artless and ignorant, can be a match for a married one with every weapon bright from use and experience.

‘Flattered by Mrs. St. Clair’s notice, bewildered by her soft words and softer looks, Harry would listen and admire under the very eyes of Helen. Of course, he did not love Bertha St. Clair, and coxcomb as he sometimes was, he knew very well that she was only amusing herself, but it was delicious to be so amused. Then, Helen, with perversity, instead of showing him that she felt this, would flirt too. Next came mutual distress, a meeting, crimination, recrimination, tears, explanations, avowals, tender reproaches, reconciliation. Sometimes a break-up — eternal adieux, which lasted twelve hours — ah ! Olivia, you may guess it all.

‘I fancy follies like these began in the next generation to Adam and Eve. Mrs. St. Clair did not mean to harm any one, but she was piqued by Helen’s air of indignation and her avoidance of the brilliant belle.’

‘Is not Mrs. St. Clair your friend, Mrs. —?’ inquired Olivia eagerly.

‘Hush!’ cried Sylvia, interrupting her; ‘if you begin to guess my *characters*, I will not say any more. You are my ‘public’ as you have called yourself. If the author is not anonymous, the *dramatis personæ* are, and I must require that you deal with them as Southey said of reviewing the former class: ‘If I have guessed who they are, or know it, I have never mentioned them, taking it for granted they had sufficient reasons for avoiding publicity.’

‘I am silent. I utterly ignore Mrs. St. Clair.’

‘Bertha St. Clair was little known by any one, least of all by Helen Latimer, who thought of her and condemned her as a bold, bad woman, responded to her kind glances with haughtily cold ones, rejected her advances as insults, and turned the whole powers of her budding sarcasm to strike down the full-blown and polished wit of her *rival*, as she considered her. Mrs. St. Clair might have crushed the girl then with the ‘mailed hand’ of her power, as some warrior, tried in many a battle, could with one blow destroy the infant, whom time may make his equal; but she did not. So soon as she saw that she was giving real pain to a real heart, and not merely disputing the possession of a vain young man’s attentions with a flirting and saucy young woman, she desisted. But it was too late then. I am going too fast. It was many months before Mrs. St. Clair realized this, still many more before

Helen Latimer recognized under the light, unthinking, sparkling, unblushing exterior, as true a feeling, as honest a heart, as warm a friend, as generous sentiments, as ever God gave to one of His creatures, and the world and circumstances helped to injure and tried to destroy.

'No; Helen, in her unfortunate ignorance, turned angrily and superciliously from the kind hand stretched out to her, because, forsooth, jealousy and envy in society love to blacken what they ought to admire and cherish. They whispered ugly things into Helen's pure ears, which neither truth nor propriety should have permitted, and her own personal enmity awakened by Harry's vanity, which had sought Mrs. St. Clair's shrine, she joined the vulgar hue and cry, and threw herself upon the sympathy of Claudia Leslie.

'Claudia Leslie! That name was music to Helen's ears; when Helen's thoughts of perfection in woman wished to embody themselves, Claudia was the result. Claudia, so kind, so good, so proper, so amusing, so clever, so unselfish. Handsome without vanity, accomplished without conceit, learned (to Helen's simple eyes) without pedantry. Who was like Claudia? 'There are many very good girls,' Helen would say to her mother; 'but then they are so stupid and dull; now Claudia is 'very good' and she is charming. People who perform their duties, are always boring one to death about their 'duties,' but, mamma, Claudia does every thing she ought to do, and makes no fuss. I envy her that power. I hate duties. Call any thing a 'duty,' and if it were a pleasure before, I begin to abhor it. By-the-by, I said that once to papa, and he called me a 'female Sir John Brute,' and you shook your head at him; what did he mean?' I believe Mrs. Latimer only shook her head again, and Nelly kept on; her conclusion was, 'O mamma! if I were only like Claudia!' I remember, that is, Helen told me, that Mrs. Latimer exclaimed, 'God forbid! With all your faults, Nelly, and you have plenty of them, my pet, I prefer you.' Helen saw only the implied rejection of Claudia's wonderful qualities, not an affectionate compliment to herself. 'Indeed, mamma,' she exclaimed hastily, coloring with a little temper, 'between papa, who dislikes Harry, and you, who *won't* appreciate Claudia, I think I have a hard life of it. My two *only* friends!'

'Thus you see, Olivia, matters stood ——'

'And *was* Claudia 'perfection?'

'Do n't turn to the last pages, and read the *dénouement* of the story, when you are at the first chapter,' Mrs. Sutherland said, smiling a little bitterly. 'Let me go on. Thus matters stood, when the balls and parties were over, and Helen returned to the country. There was a lull just then between Harry and herself— Mrs. St. Clair had snubbed Harry about that time, and was bringing up 'by hand,' a precocious boy of eighteen, who put on conquering airs, and settled his



cravat whenever her name was mentioned — sent her bouquets daily, as big as his own empty head, and received in return, permission to lounge in a stately way at her side, in her walks, or in her drawing-room, whenever she had nothing better to do. His foppishness entertained her, and she *only* paid the penalty of having a thousand scandalous stories circulated about her, with his name attached.

‘Harry told Helen that *he* had deserted Mrs. St. Clair, principally because she did not like the lady, and of course, foolish Helen believed it, and praised his good behavior, for now that he professed but scant admiration for the lively and lovely Bertha, protesting that he had ‘found her out,’ Helen began to unseal her eyes to the positive charms of Mrs. St. Clair, and to feel that it was really sweet of Harry, to give up so agreeable an acquaintance (whom he had only begun to study carefully and thus disillusion himself) for her sake.

‘The ‘lovers’ quarrels’ were few and at long intervals. Summer came, and as usual the Latimers moved to Curlew Island, the sea-shore residence, very near the city, which was their yearly home for four or five months. It is at this place that the next scene occurs which I have written.’ Mrs. Sutherland looked at her watch.

‘Quarter-past eleven o’clock! Is it not bed-time?’

‘My dear, if the gray dawn finds us sitting here, I must get the end of the story.’

‘Look out at the weather.’

‘Oh! I hear the rain still. You are not sleepy. I am not. If your voice is tired, let me give you a glass of *eau sucrée*.’ She fetched it from a table in the corner, stirring the contents as she walked.

‘Now drink it, Sylvia,’ and then she resolutely resumed her seat, her chin resting in the hollow of her dimpled left hand, her elbow supported on her knee.

Claudia Leslie and Helen Latimer sat busied with their sewing-work in a cool, dark, airy room, one bright summer morning. It was not for either just then, what Bulwer calls ‘woman’s pretty excuse for thinking’ — they gossipped as their nimble fingers executed ‘ever so much’ *broderie anglaise*. It must be admitted that Helen’s strip of cambric was less to be commended than her cousin’s. Like every thing which Claudia undertook, she perfected herself in it, the leaves and wheels of her pattern were exact, neat, and smooth, while Helen’s straggled, with an occasional skip, and very often an unlucky stroke of her scissors in a wrong spot.

Some such accident caused her to exclaim: ‘O Claudia! see how horrid. Can you do any thing with it?’ holding out the unlucky *chef-d’œuvre*.

Miss Leslie laid down her own work, and obliging as she always

was in these and similar little matters, she patiently began to rectify Nelly's blunder.

'Indeed,' Helen pursued, 'I think Mrs. Harcourt was right. The other day Miss Lawrence, 'Lazy Lawrence,' as Walter James calls her, showed a petticoat she is embroidering to Mrs. Harcourt — what she considered a marvel of a petticoat, and instead of a burst of admiration, the old lady said, peering through her spectacles: 'Dear me! how much you work like Nelly Latimer!' 'Is it as bad as Nelly's?' cried Lazy Lawrence, horrified, and then begged my pardon. Whose step is that?' interrupting herself.

She bounded to the door and received Harry Trevor.

'Oh! I am so very glad; are not you, Claudia? Mamma and papa have gone to town, Harry, for the day — they are going up to Oak-level. We are keeping house, and ordered such a nice dinner, did n't we? Cooter soup — with eggs — mark you, Sir, with eggs! and plenty of them, and — what else, Claudia? never mind, lots of things. So now sit down, Harry, and tell us what is going on in the city.'

'Won't you have some claret after your warm walk and the smoky steamboat?' put in Miss Leslie's well-modulated voice.

As Trevor accepted, and Nelly flew to order it, she added: 'Helen is so forgetful; it is not from a want of consideration, only thoughtlessness.'

'Every one cannot be so kind and so full of charming attentions as you, Miss Claudia. How long have you been here?'

'I came yesterday.'

'How do you find the island?'

'As usual,' with an expressive shrug. 'To please Helen, we are going to the hop at the Ocean House to-morrow night.'

'Ah! I did not know that there was any thing so gay on hand.'

'Did you not?'

'And Helen wishes very much to go?'

'Very much. She wrote to Rupert yesterday, asking him to come down and take us. It is very natural for her to like such things — at her age.'

'She is very little younger than you.'

'Four years; and I, you know, am so much graver and quieter.'

'She wrote to Rupert?'

'Yes. How amusing Walter James is! He spent last evening here. He and Helen sat out on the rocks of the break-water, and kept up such an incessant racket of laughter and fun, that I went after them. Helen looked so mischievous and lovely — I wish you could have seen her. She vowed that a stone-crab had bitten her foot, and would neither move from the seat she had chosen, nor abandon the stone-crab belief, so she was gathered into a little heap of white *nubie*,

pink skirts, terror, and blown-to-pieces ringlets, while Walter, flat on his face, was poking with a stick among the crevices of the rocks, looking like a giant in pursuit of prey?

‘Very dignified for both parties.’

‘Who is dignified?’ asked Helen, returning, followed by a servant and tray of luncheon. ‘Now, my dear Harry, as Mr. Standard says, after a hearty dinner, you ‘need nourishment.’ You were very nice to come to-day, instead of waiting until to-morrow. I charged Rupert to let you have the ‘word’ I inclosed for you to him, as soon as he received it, but I scarcely hoped to see you before to-morrow evening.’

Trevor glanced at Claudia; she was peeling peaches diligently.

‘I got no note.’

‘Did you not? Think of that, Claudia! What is your unworthy brother about?’

‘I did not know that you had written to Mr. Trevor.’

‘Then you were asleep, for I told you so. However, it is all right, but I shall scold Rupert, for it might have been all wrong.’

The cloud on Harry’s brow cleared away; he forgot, in the pleasure of finding his mistake, the possible intention of Miss Leslie, who soon withdrew, leaving the lovers to a private talk which was most delightful to both.

Trevor had brought an exquisite little bunch of *breloques* for his dearest Helen’s chatelaine. She first scolded him for extravagance, and then admired the taste and beauty of these costly trifles.

‘There’s a pair of bellows: Cupid enamelled on the top, puffing away at an ill-made fire.’

‘That is to signify that you are continually to blow up our mutual flame.’

‘Thank you, Harry, you blow me up enough already; but no doubt I deserve it,’ she meekly added, with a saucy gleam from her bright eyes. ‘Here is a dear little key, set with rubies.’

‘The key of my heart, fair enslaver. A telescope, ma’am, to watch me from a distance; a cup, in which to drink my health, and so on, and so on; put them away now, and look at me.’

‘Ah! you skip the magnifying-glass, with which, I presume, I had best inspect your virtues.’

‘You will not need it to find out my love, dear Nell,’ and thus, silly enough in their talk, to prove that they were not ‘making conversation’ to dazzle each other, but happy in the interchange of confidence and affection, they passed the fast-moving hours. Neither, it may be observed, probed the depths of the other’s heart. They loved like two birds — billing, cooing, squabbling — I fear it was but a senseless business. They little understood the ground on which they were treading; there was deep feeling, but they neither analyzed it nor

cultivated it. They took their lives and their engagement, as if the field of the one was a ball-room—the tenure of the other, the duration of a dance. They built their house upon the sand, and what wonder that the first storm levelled the walls? And yet the wreck was none the less complete and overwhelming to one dweller within them, because of the unstable foundation.

The dinner was gay, and ‘very nice,’ as Helen had promised. Who so witty and caustic as Claudia, with her serene eyes and calm demeanor? She said the cruellest and cleverest things so quietly, that while they lost none of their effect, they never sounded half so biting as Helen’s, who, thoroughly enjoying her own speeches—entering into the spirit which provoked them—gave the full force of eye, lip, and manner to the simplest of her remarks. This was the salient difference between the cousins. Helen said clever things from fun—from love of sport and laughter; she was as willing to laugh at you before your face as behind your back; in fact, she rather preferred it. Perfectly prepared to receive as well as give, she never lost her temper—so quick elsewhere—for a joke. She never meant to be unkind, never could understand where she had given offence, and kept her hard blows, as she thought, scrupulously for those who attacked her with malice prepense—with inimical feelings; her light skirmishes, she fancied, were made with weapons feather-tipped, and wrapped in the down of her own kindly nature. Now Claudia wasted no ammunition in the face of the world of her acquaintance; not that she cared three straws about three people, but it was bad policy. If she was sarcastic, her victim was confused between her words and the calm expression of her countenance; very often Claudia accused Helen of pointing a remark which would never have been comprehended, by letting the opponent see on Miss Latimer’s face her enjoyment of her cousin’s speech. If Claudia gave the rein to her wit, and revelled in the consciousness that she was brilliant, she generally chose her audience, and was secure of no dangerous repetition. But, after all, there was a run of ill-luck against poor Helen; the very winds seemed to be the messengers which conveyed laughing comments to ears that received them as molten lead, sinking deep, and searing every kindly sentiment toward the careless speaker; often again, where together the cousins had committed some slight imprudence or said some saucy thing, Miss Latimer would meet offended and averted faces, while she would cry out at the injustice of seeing Claudia received as usual, or in fact, more cordially, as if to mark the intention. But never did she harbor resentment for this against her own dear Claudia. Claudia comforted her so nicely; and after all, if a rod had to be wielded, better her broad shoulders than Claudia’s.

But it was pleasant to listen to these two when they were ‘in the

vein.' They gave the ball to each other, they tossed it from either side, with such grace and facility. It was so on this day, and Trevor, usually grave and reserved in society, indulged in a thousand quips and quirks where he felt himself at home.

'What shall we do this afternoon?' inquired Helen, as they rose from the dinner-table and sipped their coffee in the broad piazza, inclosed with Venetian blinds, through which the sea-breeze poured.

'You and Mr. Trevor had better walk,' said Claudia, 'mamma commissioned me to find out some quiet private lodgings, somewhere, for her old friend Miss Patty Baring, who wishes to try sea-bathing. If she goes into the surf with all that array of 'frisette' above her blessed old face, she will frighten the sharks effectually. I think she has added another row of curls and hair-pins — at least, I believe the curls are there, for I see the pins.'

'Will she bathe in *the* black silk? For a modest woman she wears the scantiest and fewest petticoats, and for a rich one the shabbiest. But must you go lodging-hunting instead of walking with us?'

'Oh, you will miss me terribly!' said Claudia, 'let us go and dress.'

Equipped in a fresh muslin gown, decked with flounces, bright with ribbons, no covering on her head but its sunny curls, looped back from 'the wooing of each Ægean wind,' a scarf thrown across her bare arms, forth stepped Helen Latimer, waving a kiss to her cousin, as Trevor, with lifted hat, wished her 'good-by' till their return.

The beach of Curlew Island! Did you ever visit this patriotic spot? Did you ever take a plunge in the surf which rolls up twenty yards from the very steps of the Ocean House? Did you ever try to shoot a curlew as it came circling over the ground? Did you ever go out at daylight after a spring tide, furnished with a stick, and knock over marsh-hens by the dozen as they hop disconsolately through the flooded fields which lately afforded them shelter? Did you ever fish all the day long from a 'breakwater,' with your legs dangling seaward, and get nothing but a crab or two and a very red face for all your pains and heat? Did you ever go out patrolling, 'properly armed and accoutred,' with — an umbrella, and if you were green at the business, find yourself at the end of a half-hour the only man protecting the public peace, the others having slipped round corners and gone home to their beds after answering to their names? Did you ever bowl along the beach with a 2.40 thorough-goer, (or even a pacing nag as gentle as the Prior's palfrey which he lent King Richard,) and see the sun set in a glory of dissolving clouds — purple, gold, pink, blue, orange, and gray — see it finally disappear, leaving a myriad of faintly shooting rays pointing upward like giant fingers, and then watch the 'crescent in the sky' as the sea ripples and dances in its holy light? and lift your hat to passing crowds of white-robed nereids,



making the sands merry with their unchecked laughter? or exchange smiles with barefooted children, gathering health, strength, and shells by this intimate acquaintance with mother earth?

Did you ever enjoy your 'tea' heartily after all this, and think shrimp salad and devilled crabs 'great inventions'?

Did you ever, as midnight broods over this island, saunter lonely and sad upon the firm, hard, glittering beach, listening to the mournful melody of the eternal waters, and watching the white crest of each foaming wave as it rises, curls, falls and breaks, sending a long line of silver light, right and left, ending in sparkling spray? Sometimes from the Ocean House murmurs the sound of a softly-cadenced waltz; the waves keep time — thoughts go struggling back to far distant days and persons; happy are you, if at such a moment, tears do not unbidden come, and memory spreading out her scroll of vanished hopes and dead delights, warn you to look above now, for earth is passing away. The sea of life, with its resistless tide, has fretted the sands beneath your feet, now advancing, now retreating, ever gaining upon you: give it up! Turn your back upon its deceitful glitter — do not heed its strange fascination; seek the higher ground; leave the mighty sea, it brings you no good. Alone! what! stretch out your weak arms to stem that tide? mount the safer and humbler hills which border these glorious waters; hide yourself among them — these waters are not for you; fold your arms, 'stand and wait!'

No such melancholy thoughts visited Helen and Trevor as their active feet carried them over the side-walk, partly reclaimed with shells from the surrounding waste of sand, and which constitutes the path through the growing village of Rutledge *super mare*. They were out soon upon the beach, with a south-west wind blowing, and one of those beautiful sunsets, to which I cannot pretend to do justice, filling the entire heavens with its daily diorama of unequalled color and light. If we had to pay for this sight, and saw it rarely, and found it expensive, how we would rave about the sun setting!

'Do you know, Nelly,' said Trevor, 'that I am not quite sure whether I like Claudia Leslie?'

'What!' exclaimed Helen, stopping short and facing her lover, 'not like Claudia? What do you mean? why don't you?'

'I don't think that she is true to you,' said Trevor bluntly.

'True to me! She is true as steel; her very nature is true; she can't help being true. Pray don't speak in this way. I think you do it to annoy me, Harry, and it is not kind of you. Claudia and I have been like sisters ever since I was a little thing. As I look back to all her past kindness, all she has done for me, all the generosity of thought and action to which I am accustomed from her, it seems wrong that I should listen to such a suggestion, even from you.'

Harry whistled.

'Has it ever been yet to her interest to treat you otherwise? could she gain any thing by neglect of you, or unkindness to you? That is the point.'

'I know how it is,' said Helen, eyes flashing, color rising, lips compressing, 'mamma has set you against Claudia.'

'I am not against her. I admire her, she is so polished and unruffled—when she chooses to be. Her feelings will never lead her astray, or make her show the temper that you have at this moment. I'll tell you what, Nelly, Claudia would not get into that heat about you—no, not if she saw you being flayed alive.'

'You do n't know her.'

'Did not I hear her tell you the other day—no, you mentioned it—that as your near relation she loved you, but she knew that if the same blood had not first thrown you together, you were the last person she would have sought?'

'That shows you how true she is; and I know I am not good enough for Claudia. She is my superior in every thing.'

'She is your inferior, dearest, in all those qualities which make a woman lovable.'

'Thank you, dear Harry,' and a grateful pressure of his arm, with a melting, modest glance, was Helen's answer; 'but,' she went on, 'do n't praise me at her expense.'

'Did you not perceive how she reddened when you heedlessly, as usual, sweetheart, burst out with her pretty confidence? She was very much annoyed. I could not help thinking of Thackeray's 'Van-ity Fair,' where Mrs. Bullock, the magnificent, says of Miss Jane Osborne: 'Jane is peculiar, but of course I love her as my sister.' To which the great humorist adds: 'What does it mean when a lady says she loves Jane as a sister?'' And Trevor smiled provokingly.

'Even you must not speak so to me about my cousin, Harry,' Helen pursued, 'I can't permit it.'

'I have the right to speak as I please.'

'I do n't admit it.'

Then ensued a silence, broken presently by Helen.

'Do n't let us quarrel, dear.'

'I am not quarrelling. I told you a simple truth, which I have long noticed, and you choose to consider me rude, and to speak as no affianced wife of mine shall speak to me.'

'I am sorry,' began Helen.

'It is not enough to say: I am sorry; you must not begin by doing so.'

Helen was silent again.

'Now you are sulky.'

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'Indeed I am not, Harry. But I do n't know what to do. You say things *I* do n't like, then I say things *you* do n't like; but all the penitence must come from me: excuses, which you reject, and advances, which you receive as your just due. I am tired of all this. You are so cross.'

'Oh! of course I am!'

They walked uncomfortably along, both dissatisfied with themselves and with each other.

A step came rapidly behind them.

'Good evening, Miss Nelly. Well, Trevor.'

'Ah! Mr. James!' cried Nelly joyously.

'How d' ye do,' said Trevor, with a slight frown.

'When did you get down, Harry? To-day? Nice weather we have; great times at the hotel; splendid hop in preparation for to-morrow, Miss Nelly! Mother Scarborough has come down for it, Poppy S — left in town. Maria is radiant; looks more like 'a statue' than ever.'

'Has Maria come? I am really glad. How is she?'

'Very well. She was striking one of her statuesque attitudes this morning by maternal orders, and her doting parent asked old Frothingham if her Maria did not remind him of 'some exquisite specimen of antique sculpture?' *question de rigueur*. 'Too much drapery, madam, for marble, and too little for flesh and blood.'

Helen laughed, and said, 'For shame!'

'D — d insolent and indecent,' muttered Trevor.

'I agree with you, Hal,' said Walter, 'very insolent of the ancient Scarborough, and very indecent of the young one.'

'That was not what I meant,' replied Harry coldly. 'I allude to Mr. Frothingham's speech. Women can stand any thing and laugh at any thing in these days;' with a meaning, half-contemptuous look toward Helen.

'What ought she to have done? called him out? By the way, Miss Nelly, I have a yacht!'

'How did you come by it? cash, credit, or inheritance?'

'None of the three; Tom Dallas has gone to Newport, and left me his boat.'

'Oh! that darling 'Sea-bird?'' cried Helen, clapping her hands.

'Precisely!'

'And you mean to take us out sailing, ever so often?'

'Your slave hears but to obey.'

'When? this week? My cousin, Miss Leslie, is with me this week.'

'Not this week, I fear. The 'Sea-bird' is not quite ready to receive ladies on its snowy pinions; it has been freshly painted; we must wait awhile. Is n't that Ben Burgess? Hallo, Ben! this way.

Here is your 'Encyclopedia of Useless Knowledge,' Miss Nell; you remember saying that, don't you?'

'I think I was the inventor of that very original cognomen; Claudia added that truth more nearly proclaimed him the Cyclops of one I — dea. Hush! here he is.'

'One fool is bad enough, two are unendurable,' Trevor muttered, under his breath.

A perfect storm of words now ensued between the new-comer — a shambling, conceited-looking youth — Walter James, and Helen.

The programme of the next evening was discussed, and it must be confessed that Miss Latimer enjoyed the gay rattling, in which she heartily joined, more than she had done the latter part of her *tête-à-tête* walk, although her companion was the chosen of her heart — the love of her life.

But noticing the grim silence which he preserved, she began to get uneasy; gradually dropped off speaking, or else addressed herself pointedly to the dumb gentleman on her right.

Ten minutes of this, and the two interlopers perceived that they were *de trop*. Ben Burgess never, unaided, would have done so; for Nature had gifted him with an absolute belief in his own charms, and an impossibility of discovering that his 'room was even better than his company.' He was one of those happily-constituted beings who accept all attentions as necessary homage to his position, (which was nothing,) and to his agreeability, (which was less than doubtful,) and if he met with rebuffs, he attributed them always to ignorance or mistake.

He did very well when he 'doubled' some one else, but was infinitely tiresome *en tête-à-tête*; and as luck favored him, without having even a dim consciousness of his prudence he generally went about towed to some more conspicuous craft, in whose wake he disported himself.

Walter James suddenly remembered that he had promised to meet some one at seven o'clock: 'must go; walk down with me, Ben? Good-by, Miss Nelly! Remember my dances. Who was with you last evening, Trevor, if I am not indiscreet? I only saw her back, it looked like Mrs. St. Clair. Happy fellow!'

'It was Mrs. St. Clair,' answered Trevor impatiently. 'She took tea with my sister, and I walked home with her.'

'Well, good-by!' And Walter James turned down the beach. They heard him laugh as he said something to Mr. Burgess. No one positively knew of Helen's engagement, but many suspected it; and evidently Walter, who noticed her sudden annoyed surprise, enjoyed bestowing a Parthian dart upon the sulky attendant of Helen this afternoon — the cavalier of Mrs. St. Clair the night previous.

'You never mentioned Mrs. St. Clair,' said Helen, after a pause.

‘Did n’t I? I suppose because I never thought of her.’

‘I am not sure it is for that reason. Have you seen her often lately?’

‘Once or twice.’

‘Indeed!’

‘Jealous, Helen?’

‘Of course not. There is no cause for jealousy in your devotions to a very gay and very ——’

‘Very what?’

‘I am happy to say I neither know the lady nor her qualities; if I began to enumerate them, my ignorance might fall short of her possessions.’

Trevor took her hand — she drew it away.

‘Is there no confidence between us, Helen? Do you doubt me?’

‘Yes.’

‘Seriously?’

Yes.’

No, you do n’t! You are angry now, and you say what you do n’t think.’

‘I’ll tell you what I do think,’ said Helen vehemently. ‘You arrogate to yourself unlimited power to go, to come, to whisper, to smile, to flirt where and when you please, while you expect me to live like a nun except with you. You resent every trifle, and look for unbounded patience and sweetness from me.’

‘Nelly!’

‘Papa is right — you do n’t care for me.’

‘Nelly!’ — he would have her hand — they were far up the beach, having walked a greater distance than they intended. ‘Listen to me, dearest. This is foolish; make friends with me. I do n’t care a sixpence for Mrs. St. Clair. The woman runs after me just because she has nothing else to do at present. She is very lively and amusing and coquettish; good-natured too, in her way, and has capital suppers. She speaks very kindly of you, and likes you.’

‘Much obliged to her; I would rather she should not. I wish no such friends.’

‘Well, let me go on. It is very dull for me in town. Thanks to your father, who is as obstinate as three mu —, — I beg your pardon — I see you at immense intervals. What am I to do? If I had a dear little wife and a dear little home, would I ever wish to leave them? Never! But it is cursed stupid for me at our house. My sister Mary has a lot of old women who come and talk to her about ‘societies’ and scandal — they are all as ugly as sin, and can’t even make their abuse of their neighbors amusing. When I have read the newspapers, and



smoked two cigars, what becomes of me? I feel like cutting my throat.'

'Why do n't you read something else?'

'Reading is not in my line.'

'It ought to be.'

'No, darling! you shall do all my reading. I do n't know ten books that are worth ten cents.'

'Do n't be stupid! Read law.'

'Bother the law! I shall never be a lawyer. I am going to plant.'

'Not I! I never engaged myself to a planter. Nip that fancy in its greenest bud, Harry, for I vow you shall never have me vibrating between rice-fields and pine-lands. But you are going off from the subject; if you find the house dull, why does that drive you to Mrs. St. Clair's, or drive Mrs. St. Clair into Mrs. Percival's? Why do n't you associate with men?'

'Very well, Nelly,' said Trevor, with a resigned air, 'the club is a fascinating place — cards grow upon one, brandy-and-water is the proper drink of man, and billiards the chief end of his existence.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Helen, terrified, 'does associating with men involve living at the club? Do n't torment me, Harry.'

'I am not tormenting you, my angel, you are tormenting yourself. You are filling your pretty little head with a thousand fancies. Pity me; be sorry for me; think how I long for these weary four years to pass.'

'Only three and a half, said Nelly, with such comical earnestness and contradiction, that Trevor, smiling, caught her in his arms, saying: 'I must kiss you for that, little vixen!'

At that very instant, unheard upon the smooth sand, unheeded during the warmth of their discussion, an open carriage swept past them. On the back-seat they distinguished Mrs. Scarborough, a withering frown upon her ample brow, her daughter beside her, and opposite, Ben Burgess — the ubiquitous Ben Burgess.

'O Harry!' cried Helen — crimson, trembling, wretched — 'what will they think?'

'Who the d—l cares what they think? My Lady Scarborough was swelling like a turkey-cock, her red cap ribbon no inapt representation of that domestic bird's comb. I'll speak to her about it.'

'But papa; papa will never forgive you if you announce our engagement.'

'Nothing else to be done,' said Trevor doggedly.

'Could n't you say — could n't you say — she did n't see straight?'

'Dear Helen,' solemnly, 'beware of ridiculing personal deformities. Every one knows that Mrs. Scarborough squints fearfully — but she sees clearly,' he added, with a lamentable shake of the head.

'I must speak to papa and consult him,' said Helen, blushing deeper at the notion of doing so.

'Nonsense! I am rather glad of it.'

'I see you are, and that decides me. Do n't talk about it any more, please, Harry, and let us get home. It is so late, too.' She clung to his arm and urged him to his utmost speed, dragging him along as he protested and hung back.

But the homeward flight was pleasanter than the previous walk. Harry was funny and good-humored just then, if he was obstinate, and he made so light of Mrs. Scarborough's tremendous vision, that finally Helen laughed too, and they reached the house in a gale of spirits, to find Mrs. Latimer returned from the city and wondering what kept them, and Mr. Latimer decidedly put out. But who could be cross with Helen when she was bright and blithe as the merriest little maiden? She would not think any more of that unlucky kiss.

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#### STORY OF A DEW-DROP.

In a hare-bell cup, at the break of day,  
Sparkling and bright a dew-drop lay:

When ruddy morn the east o'erspread,  
The dew-drop caught the rays it shed,

And blending with them the flowerets blue,  
It rivaled the gem with its delicate hue.

But the sun, when he rose, was wroth to see  
A dew-drop could shine more brightly than he:

So he sent down a beam to the hare-bell cup,  
And drank the drop, in its beauty, up.

And such is the law in Nature's plan;  
Subject to it is the fate of Man:

Life is the dew in the hare-bell cup,  
And Death the beam that shall drink it up.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON; OTHERWISE CALLED  
BOSVILLE.

AND so called, I suppose, *quasi* 'Boswell,' because every citizen thereof is his own Boswell,\* and so, eminently and emphatically his own 'Autocrat,' seeing autopsically into his own abdomen, and into the interior of his fellow-creatures by no means autoschediastically.† There are those who derive the word from 'bos,' signifying a master, because every inhabitant of the city is a Master of Arts, except the women and children, and has received a neat sheepskin from the neighboring University of Oxbridge: which is connected with Bosville by the *Pons Asinorum*, a horse-railroad, (so called in Bosville,) and a stage and two — so that the literary facilities of the city are very complete.‡ The name of 'Little Peddlington' is never used by the natives, as any thing *little* is supposed to be necessarily *low*; whereas Bosville is not only a city set upon a hill, but upon three hills; this being, however, four less than Rome could boast, and the only endowment in which Bosville is inferior to the Eternal — city, we mean, of course.

As an urbane settlement, Bosville is uncommonly rustic, which fact is by some authorities attributed to the use of beans and brown-bread by the inhabitants.§ This diet, however, is varied by the avidity with

\**Vid. op. Doct. Dulc. Dom. in Atlant. Apothec. Menst. Lit. Art. et Reb. Devot. Num. i — xii. et q. s. (D.V.) in sec. seculo. appell. 'Sentac. Tyrannus.' Angl. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.' Bos. i. e. Taurus castratus. Vid. 'Tris. Shand.' tit. 'Obadiah's-Bull,' pro gravitate insign. sed. impot. Sic Ov. Met. i. 76:*

*'Sanctius hic animal, mentisque capaxius altus  
Deerat adhuc.'*

*Ovid animal. vulg. dict. Bosvillian hic signif.*

*'A creature of a more exalted kind  
Was wanting yet: Bosvillians were designed.'* — DRYDEN.

† This word will appear in *The New Bosville Dictionary*. This will contain 1,323,576 new words, not found in any other dictionary. An application to SHAW, C. J., for an injunction against the book upon grounds of public policy and in accordance with his recent rulings in regard to nuisances, was fruitless; but the learned Justice expressed great regret at his limited powers, and a trust that the volume might be kept from the young gentlemen of the bar.

‡ Among these may be mentioned the remains of the Alexandrian Library, and the private collections of several eminent dealers in codfish, who have signified their intention of bestowing upon the city their account-books — both those kept by double and those kept by single-entry — whenever buildings — fire-proof, and not less than two stories in height — have been provided for their reception.

§ Those who are curious in dietary philosophy will notice that the inhabitants (while they abstain to a certain extent from flesh, in accordance with the teachings of PYTHAGORAS, who was born at Samos, but — such is the salubrity of the atmosphere — is still living in Bosville at a very advanced age) disregard altogether the precepts of the philosopher concerning beans. These were introduced A.U.C. 200, by the erudite SYLVESTER GRAHAM, who, while he adhered to the Grecian in respect of pork, rejected his anti-leguminous

which the inhabitants devour the codfish, (*Oniscus Salitus*,) which is caught in great numbers by the hardy seamen of the *Lacus Rancæ*, a great inland sea, stretching for more than a quarter of a mile through the *Ager Compascuus*. This territory extends from the *Templum Vivarii Vici* on the north, to the uncultivated regions of the Public Garden.\* The rustic character of the inhabitants has led to the constant performance, by day and by night, of the Pastoral Symphony of L. V. Beethoven, whenever the necessary number of fiddlers can be obtained. Walking through the quiet and secluded streets of Bosville, we may imagine an enraptured citizen of that hamlet exclaiming, in the language of Erasmus: '*Cum omnia nunc vident, et rideant in agris, demiror esse qui fumosis urbibus delectentur.*' Who would not, like Cowley, seek such a retreat, 'where no more business nor cares of life could come near him,' and where he might still associate with the wisest, most learned, most virtuous, most polished, most sweet-souled, most civilized of men? †

For it must be understood, that if there are found the joys of rustic life, there too are to be observed the triumphs of art; ‡ the fascinations

theory. Beans, which are invariably eaten upon Sunday, have imparted, it is supposed, a peculiar ventosity to the theological literature of Bosville.

\* The beauties of this delightful region, which no writer can describe, or will attempt to describe, unless he was born upon its margin, have led many Bosville commentators to infer that it was originally the Garden of Eden, and that the venerable tree in the centre is the original Tree of Knowledge; which would account for the great learning of Bosville at the present day. But there are reasons for cautiously receiving this theory. It is stated that the 'river went out of Eden to water the garden,' (Gen. 2: 10.) Now the Pond does not, at least at the present time, go out of the Common to water the Public Garden, which does not need watering, because there is nothing growing in it. So the river in Eden 'had four heads,' which would be a large allowance for even a Bosville stream, however sage. On the whole, we must reject these speculations as hopeless, however flattering to Bosville pride.

† I must, however, in justice to populous cities, quote Dr. SPRATT's comment upon Cowley's resolution of retirement. 'I cannot,' says the Doctor, 'applaud it in him. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation and were willing to follow him into the wilderness.'—*Life of Cowley*.

‡ The passion for statuary which was exhibited by Lord TIMOTHY DEXTER, is also found to exist in Bosville. The brass image of FRANKLIN in Court-street is already erect. Between two and three hundred others, including those of about one-tenth of the distinguished men who have died in Bosville during the half-year last past, are projected, each of which will 'enchant the world,' and will certainly enchant the artists who receive orders therefor, and the orators who will emit all they know—and something more—at the christenings. Care will be taken to have these images indelibly inscribed, in order that future antiquarians may not be uselessly perplexed. In painting, we need but refer to the Asineum Collection, in which will be found the master-pieces of the following artists:

- |                    |                     |                        |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. MICHAEL ANGELO, | 8. RAPHAEL,         | 15. LEONARDO DA VINCI, |
| 2. AND. DEL SARTO, | 9. CARAVAGGIO,      | 16. REMBRANDT,         |
| 3. CORREGGIO,      | 10. TITIAN,         | 17. VANDYKE,           |
| 4. POUSSIN,        | 11. SALVATOR ROSA,  | 18. MURILLO,           |
| 5. CAPP,           | 12. ADRIAN BRAUWER, | 19. A. KAUFFMAN,       |
| 6. REYNOLDS,       | 13. MARTIN,         | 20. TURNER,            |
| 7. LANDSEER,       | 14. WILSON,         | 21. GAINSBOROUGH,      |

of the drama;\* the pleasures of society;† the myriad graces and weighty

together with the chief productions of J. TOMPKINS SMITH, of Bosville, for whom the ladies held a fancy fair, and who will draw in Italy — for the proceeds thereof. It is in contemplation to add to this Gallery the collection of the Pope whenever the money can be obtained.

\* Among these must be reckoned the pleasure with which the lion-hearted manager of the Bosville Theatre finds himself once in a year, if not oftener, with his pocket emptied by his devotion to *Thalia* and her sad sister, and the other goddess — whatever may be her name — who presides over the original plays produced by him, and translated from the French to the English of New-York, and thence into the Bosville dialect. Here, for the first time since it was played in London under the eye of the author, was produced the beautiful drama by W. SHAKESPEARE, Esq., called *The Tempest*. The following pecuniary statistics illustrating this noble reproduction, have been purchased by the present commentator, of the Treasurer of the Theatre:

COST OF REPRODUCTION OF 'THE TEMPEST.'	
Dr.	
By new hide for Caliban,.....	
Three pots of green paint for scenery,.....	\$5 00
Shortening Ariel's tunics by request of the Press,.....	1 50
Elongating " " " " Clergy,.....	1 50
Bottle with real rum for Stephano,.....	1 00
Extra thunder and thunderer,.....	1 00
" blue fire,.....	50
" fire for Orchestra,.....	1 00
Man to play it,.....	2 50
	\$14 00
Cr.	
By receipts for twelve nights,.....	12 00
Profits,.....	\$2 00

Out of this the manager ran in debt for rent, gas, advertising, and extra beer for the company, to the amount of \$1250, leaving a net profit which it is impossible to compute.

† It was at a very early period in its history that *TIBULLUS* asked, in speaking of Bosville, '*Dulcius urbe quid est?*' referring, in using '*urbe*,' less to the magnitude of the town than to the extreme polish of the inhabitants. Dr. PECK, P.D. Harv., will have it that the passage should read '*Dulcius Herba* (that is, Col. G —, of the *Bosville Pillar*) *quid est?*' I think, however, that the reference is plainly to the city itself; and this is rendered more probable by another passage of the same poet, namely, '*In solis sis tibi turba locis*,' in which there is an unmistakable allusion to Bosville. So *MONTAIGNE*, who was certainly speaking of Bosville, says: 'Let us not, then, fear in this solitude to languish in an uncomfortable vacancy of thought.' If the fear was needless in the time of *MONTAIGNE*, it is surely so now, thought being the principal commodity of Bosville — the production too large for domestic consumption and the exportation considerable and constant. This alone can explain the proclivity of clever men to leave the hamlet for less favored parts of the country. There is, in fact, a glut of genius. Prudence is, in Bosville, a prominent characteristic of the general mind. Hence a distinguished traveller has remarked: 'When a Bosvillian gets into the predicament of asking himself what he shall say, he says nothing.' This banishes empty garrulity. Hence, too, the exhilarating and eminent gravity so often accorded to them by themselves, and the exhibition of which is especially to be noticed upon festive occasions. Hence, too, the expression 'awful mirth,' applied to their feasts by Dr. I. WARRS — nothing seeming to provoke them into an approximation to joviality except the obsequies of their great ones, who are the most considerable of mankind while living, and instantly 'hoary seers of ages past' when dead; this complimentary allusion having been made to them by the author of '*Thanatopsis*.'



profit of good conversation\* the finest, most flourishing, most virtuous, enterprising, witty, sarcastic, and best-printed newspapers;† the bravest and most chivalrous militia.‡

\* This is of a solid, serious class, exhibiting, to use the language of CUMBERLAND in his Apology for his 'Henry,' 'virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements.' The rule of Mr. ADAM SMITH, 'never to talk of what he understood,' is here commonly adopted and easily adhered to. The literary conversation is generally of PLATO, PLOTINUS, LEIBNITZ, DESCARTES, LOCKE, KANT, COUSIN, Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and other great but as yet unknown philosophers. It is always finely funereal. Nothing is more common in Bosville, than to hear a young woman, hardly arrived at a marriageable age, or an elder sister, who may long ago have passed it, both having fed freely upon ancient files of '*The Dial*,' prattling prettily enough of 'objectivity,' 'subjectivity,' 'pure reason,' and the like. Some years ago, talking matches or passages-at-palaver were quite common, but have now been superseded by chess-dinners and base-ball clubs. At the first-mentioned, it is not necessary to know any thing of the game, all that is required being proficiency in eating as if you never ate before, of drinking as if you never expected to drink again, and of talking as if you could give MORRIS the odds of all your pawns and three of your knights, and then foolsmate him.

† No newspapers equal to those published in Bosville have been compiled since the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans. They are remarkable for minuteness, accuracy, invective, and wood-cuts. Nothing, however insignificant, escapes their notice, and as a rule, the more insignificant the event the larger notice it receives, it being not uncommon to find a space not inconsiderable devoted to the fact that Mrs. JONES's cat has kittened, and that Mrs. SMITH's favorite poodle is missing. The modesty of the editors of these sheets has been alluded to by 'Squire Tupper, A.M., Christ Church, Oxon., who says:

— 'Use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.'

There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Thus we find that one of these journals announces itself as 'a first-class paper,' upon which *The Daily Dwarf* retorts in the sarcastic language of the poet:

'SELF-praise  
Goes but little ways.'

This does not by any means floor the respectable paper alluded to, for it immediately pays itself the following neat compliments:

- |                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. We are 'larger-sized.'      | 5. We are fresh and accurate. |
| 2. We are conducted with care. | 6. We are copious.            |
| 3. Our type is new.            | 7. We write ourselves.        |
| 4. Our standard is high.       | 8. We are perfect.            |

Upon this *The Daily Dwarf* retorts:

- |                                     |                                      |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. We are low, (for cash.)          | 5. We are alive.                     |
| 2. Our press cost money.            | 6. We have faithful carriers.        |
| 3. D — the expense!                 | 7. We are printed night and morning. |
| 4. We have the largest circulation. | 8. We are printed daily and weekly.  |

‡ Many legitimate descendants of Captain JOHN GILPIN, born train-band warriors, exist here. The most perilous marches are frequently executed through desert regions in the very heart of the city, and an army of twenty has been known to achieve the distance from 'N. eend to S. eend' without the loss by sun-stroke or desertion of more than eight officers and ten men. In times of peace, the army is usually engaged in presenting goblets to the officers, and the inhabitants in listening to the literary exercises of the occasion. When Captain DRAWCANSIR, of the Heavy Artillery, (1 gun and 1 ammunition-wagon,) received his mug, young LANCEM (M.D. Harv.) recited the following original lines:

'WHEN Phœbus car shall shine from far  
To make or mar the glorious Fates  
Which guide and guard the United States,  
Then from the jug fill up this tin  
With many a 'phi'd' of ——— *Cæst. des.*

It must have been made evident to the least intelligent reader of this article, which was originally prepared for *The New American Encyclopedia*, and declined by the learned supervisors of that work, for reasons which were satisfactory to themselves, if not to the author, although he has made no complaint in the newspapers, and is still, unlike some other aspirants for a niche in a wonderful edifice, upon speaking terms with the erudite editors — I say it must have been made evident, that the people of Bosville doat upon mind. The whole secret of their felicity is condensed in the maxim : ‘Be wise, and if you cannot be wise, be as wise as you can.’ Thus we find Irenæus Krantzovius in his ‘Thoughts on Happiness’ observes, ‘Happiness is the state of a being in Bosville,’ that is, of one whose intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature has been cultivated to the highest degree. Of the intellectual nature of Bosville, mention has been made already. It is, as we have seen,

subtle,	perspicacious,	craniological,
intuitive,	sagacious,	astute,
erudite,	cognoscitive,	many-sided,
normal,	primogenial,	predominant,
unambiguous,	translucent,	logical,
cabalistical,	sinewy,	tralucent,
hydrological,	cathartic,	chaste,
megapolitan,	metropolitan,	cosmopolitan,
ornamental,	medicamental,	argumental.

SLAWKENBERGIUS, who has a nice nose at a *hi. val. deflen.* suggests ‘WOL. AR. SC. SCUPS,’ but this would be fatal alike to rhyme and rhythm — ‘Φιδ’ is Oxbridgian for ‘go.’ It is very common for the Bosvillian bards to introduce several languages, dead, half-dead, and living, in the same poem. Thus Dr. PECK (P.D. HARR.) in his ‘Ode to WASHINGTON,’ has the following :

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus !  
 Though I should wish *λεγειν Ατρείδας*,  
 Even they, with GEORGIUS shining,  
 Both would have the ears of MIDAS.  
 You are facile dux, my honey !  
 Pater pat., as your statue shows —  
 POWERS will make one and take the money,  
 But where we shall put it, ΘΕΟΣ knows !  
 Solvitur hiems ! then comes July !  
 Then, mavourneen ! we think of thee !  
 Orator fit — he has fits that truly  
 Stir the *πολυφλοισβοιο* sea.  
 O presidium ! O GEORGE WASHINGTON !  
 Name that GEORGIUS *βασιλευς* mocked at !  
 How you remind us of ARISTOGITON,  
 Knocking HIPPARCHUS into a cocked hat !  
 When you crossed the Delaware flumen,  
 Standing to LEUTZE for your blessed picter,  
 ALECTO's self would have been a gone numen,  
 If with that long, long leg you 'd kicked her.  
 Παις of Liberty ! GEORGE beatus !  
 Watch from the otium of the blest,  
 And should IGNI and MORI await us,  
 Look out for Bosville and d — the rest !

Of its moral perfectibility, Bosville continually reminds us. Not one of the more delicate lapses from virtue can be discovered within its borders without receiving from the newspapers solid columns, and we may say, whole regiments of rebuke. The 'where, how, and when' are punctiliously published, to the unspeakable edification of youth upon the watch for opportunities of exhibiting similar prowess, and who do, not unnaturally, when the way is demonstrated, incontinently abscond in the same direction.

The present commentator, being a great lover of courtesy, good-feeling, and gratitude, has, at much pains and an expense not inconsiderable, made the researches required by this memoir. For the people of Bosville are so modest, so little conscious of their own perfections, and so ready to accord their valuable approbation to others, that is really quite a pleasure to do for them that which has here been done. But, better than any thing this poor pen can indite, are the following testimonials from various writers, which we have culled with an affectionate hand, and with which we conclude these fascinating researches :

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HERE the Muses nine  
With the Virtues meet :  
Find to their design  
An Atlantic seat.

HERODOTUS.

It is so magnificent a city that none can be compared with it. HEROD. i. 178.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Oh ! when shall Gotham, conscious of her claim,  
Stand emulous of Bosville and of fame ?  
When see — how distant is the time, alas !  
Her great ones shining in historic brass ?

SANNAZARIUS.

— QVIS BOSVILLÆ miracula proferat urbis  
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet ?

OLD PROVERB.

*Vidi Bosville, e poi mori !*

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HERE alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain  
And one boundless reach of sky.

## HILLHOUSE.

— THOU art fair and turret-crowned,  
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed  
With golden fruits and gales of frankincense.

## ANCIENT POEM — AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

JOHN BROWN to Bosville went,  
And wore his striped 'trowses,'  
And said he could n't see the town  
There were so many houses.

## THE DIAMOND RING.

Six times fair earth hath stolen round  
Her mystic lord, the glowing sun —  
Six times hath blushed, in roses bound,  
From being warmly gazed upon;  
Six times we've hailed this morning, sweet,  
Since dawned our first of wedded years —  
A retrospect in which I greet  
A million times more smiles than tears!  
To give thee joy to-day, I bring,  
My Love, this emblematic ring.

The central gem portrays the light  
Of love that o'er a twelve-month shone;  
The other five, as pure and bright,  
That round it form a sparkling zone,  
Are like the rich effulgence shed  
From joys of each successive year;  
And while those blissful years are fled,  
Their charming light yet lingers here!  
The clouds that gathered, vanished soon,  
And ne'er eclipsed our honey-moon!

This golden band, that proudly holds  
These gems with scintillating beams,  
As thus it lovingly infolds  
Thy graceful, lily finger, seems  
A fitting emblem, in its form,  
Of snowy arms that round me twine;  
Then, while my lips feel kisses warm,  
Dear, diamond eyes bedazzle mine!  
May each recurring wedding-day  
Have all the light that makes this gay!

## MY INTRODUCTION TO THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

ART, through the pencil of David, has given us a problem. She has pictured the hero of Marengo alone in a desolate, snowy waste, thinly clad, the benefits of the well-known gray coat, even, being lost by the violence of the wind, mounted upon a milk-white steed whose caracoling up the steep side of a hill has brought his head so nearly over the centre of gravity that the doubt would naturally arise where he intended to go next — whether backward to St. Pierre or the bottom of the last ravine — had she not kindly furnished a negative reply in the index-finger of the First Consul himself, which informs all wonderers that in true American style he intends to 'go ahead.' This she chooses to call 'The Passage of the St. Bernard,' and, we are consequently to suppose, the manner in which it was done.

But Common-sense, the querulous opponent of fair Romance, with his finger by the side of his nose, and leering with a most impudent wink, rather significantly suggests that he does not believe a word of it. In an under-tone he hints that it is conclusive to his mind, reasoning from analogy, that he crossed precisely as any moderately wise mortal would in these days, (if really wise men ever do go up to the Hospice,) as warmly and comfortably covered as was consistent with vigorous exercise, part of the time on foot, whenever his chilled blood showed the necessity, the rest with the assistance of any animal, biped or quadruped, which happened to be near him; in fact, that he 'hurried up, tumbled up, and took any way to get up.'

General belief, (not on the army-list, but a very efficient officer, as is shown by the valuable assistance rendered history in many encounters,) however, positively asserts — and the burins of several engravers has adopted the opinion — that he crossed with a due regard to his own comfort and safety, astride of a mule, and conducted and amused by a young mountaineer. With a corroborating codicil, as convincing as an oath or a fist-thump on the table, he ends off with a story about a reward to the agreeable young guide of a house and a quarter-section in some territory, either conquered or about to be, merely because, owing to a sudden slip of the mule, the athletic young man had an opportunity of pulling him back to his seat just as he was about closing the campaign and all chance of a future interest in St. Helena by going over an unfathomable precipice. The General has, however, with all his minute adherence to facts, completely forgotten to state whether the tailor of the Boulevards received an equal favor for the excellence of his tailoring, or whether the increase of his custom, as soon as the news reached Paris, fully compensated him, and proved the truth of the maxim, 'Good sewing hath its own reward.'



This last dogma has always found a firm believer in me; and often, with the engraving before me, and the remembrance of my own passage over the same place fresh in my mind, have I pictured to myself the scene and the actors. The stout, healthy, fresh-complexioned Swiss striding along at a brisk pace, apparently by his free and independent manner forgetting the exalted position of the marvellous being beside him, yet all the while watchful and alert: beguiling the way by exciting stories of wild and perilous adventure among the mountains, or *naïve* accounts of incidents in his quiet pastoral life, but each moment ready with his quick eye and strong right arm to choose the safest spots or avert some threatened danger. The cowering form of the 'Man of Destiny,' hidden under a mass of garments, except his pale, thoughtful, care-worn face, dividing his attention between the interest of the conversation of his guide and the scenery around him, and yet not for a moment forgetting the stupendous project which called him there, or the probable results of his ambition. And then the mule! (for I insist upon that patient, long-eared animal,) the last, but by no means least, agent in the great success which followed, quietly and carefully picking his way, stepping on no treacherous ice-covered pond or bank of snow until assured of its stability, as if fully aware of the importance of his rider and the vast interests at stake upon his judgment and the surety of his footing.

The blinding storm, the whirling eddies of snow, the avalanches, and all other accessories peculiar to Swiss mountain scenery, are of course to be supplied. But in the dread wildness of the scene, absolute solitude seems almost a necessity; we wish all other animal life obliterated. It is hard to realize that thousands of men were his companions; that on every side were to be heard the lively gossip of thoughtless soldiers, the sonorous harmony of military bands, the neighing of steeds, the clang of accoutrements, and the thousand other sounds of busy collected life. But unhappily for Miss Romance, so it ever will be. We must suppose most unbecoming tumbles by guides, ridiculous slips by grenadiers, dismal extrications from snow-banks of unlucky wights of chasseurs, with the accompaniments of cold toes and blue noses, wet clothing and sore-throats, even if history has not absolutely mentioned them as facts.

*Revenons aux grandes mulets!* Why should I so strongly insist that it was a mule which carried the future emperor? Simply because there is an existing superstition with me that the destiny of mules is in some way connected with the destiny of emperors; or, rather, because the word emperor is never mentioned, but, by an association of ideas, the word mule comes next in order in my mind. If I hear a bray, or meet one of the animals on the avenue, I cannot for the life of me help, as a sequence, thinking of something imperial. This does

not arise from any vivid impression from the above-mentioned picture; nor is it a result of excessive biblical reading and recollection of the elevation of Saul as ruler of Israel because he happened to go up to the land of Zuph in search of some lost donkeys, or because the princely coxcomb Absalom lost his life from contempt of barbers and the obstinacy of his mule, or from the marvellous colloquial powers of the animal of Baalam. But it comes from an adventure where a mule figured rather conspicuously, and the narrator somewhat ingloriously; where a donkey played the part of master of ceremonies in an introduction to an emperor.

April, poetically noted for its genial mildness and flower-producing showers, but which at the North is more notorious for its death-bearing east winds and bad walking, found me in 18— at Rio de Janeiro. But whatever this month may be in our latitude, under the Tropics no part of the year shows Nature so gloriously attractive. The counterpart of our delightful June, it has covered the trees with foliage, and opened the myriads of flowers; but the heat has not continued sufficiently long to parch the ground or dry the moist freshness of the leaves.

On one of the brightest of these mornings, in company with a few friends, I waited at the landing-place of the palace-square the arrival of a gentleman of the city who had arranged a trip into the interior and among the mountains which skirt the sea-coast.

At the appointed hour our friend, accompanied by several slaves loaded down with luxurious commissariat stores, made his appearance at the boat, for the first part of our journey was to be by water, and with a short delay we started, forced rapidly through the water by the efforts of four stout negroes. The *fallua*, or boat in common use when more are to be carried than can be taken in the common dug-out, is about thirty feet long, more than ordinarily wide and flat, and strongly and clumsily built. The after portion is covered with a wooden canopy, open at the sides, which can, if the sun is too powerful, or during a rain, be closed by painted curtains, making a dry, airy room. Propulsion is effected by oars of immense length and weight, which are used differently from any other part of the world. The rower first stands upon the thwart in front of him and leans forward for the commencement of the stroke, then pulling by his weight he drops back upon his *own* seat with a loud *sough* or grunt, such as is often made by wood-choppers. Here he rests for several seconds before rising to commence the next stroke, the headway of the boat meanwhile being sufficient from the long-continued impetus given. As the arc described by the sweep is very great, much time is occupied at each stroke, so that the labor is not actually so severe as it would seem. The time is kept by the negro at the bow, who sings a slowly-

measured series of notes — for they can hardly be called words — the grunt of the rowers being a sort of chorus. Heard on a still night over the water, this slow, monotonous chanting is indescribably melancholy.

A curious people are these South-American slaves : and, aside from their adventitious adornments, such as tattooing and the various mutilations of the nose, ears, and teeth, wholly unlike those to be seen in our Southern States. There is an absence of that vivacity and apparent cheerfulness which are such pleasant features in plantation life. Whatever may be their employment, whether in transporting the huge bags of coffee, selling fruit and vegetables, or amusing themselves, which consists in lying at full length in the sun, there is ever apparent a brutish listlessness — a careless, apathetic stupidity, which impresses the stranger disagreeably. By the law of Brazil any slave found unable to speak Portuguese must be liberated, although obliged for some time to work for the Government, and the possessor can be punished with a heavy fine, as it is considered proved by *prima facie* evidence that he is a more or less late importation. As an evidence of the strict enforcement of this law, we found two out of our four rowers in this predicament. This happened from the custom, in order to evade the law, of letting out the freshly-landed slaves to the white skippers of these boats, as, by their being so much of the time on the water, there is less chance of a discovery of their non-proficiency, and because they soon acquire the needed scholarship from the constant intercourse with their fellow-boatmen.

Several subsequent days were spent in roaming from place to place, on the plantations, at some of the depots for the coffee brought from the interior, and in ascending some of the many rivers emptying into the bay. Late one evening we reached a wretched village on the Mocaca River, called Port Estrella, from which we designed making the ascent of the Organ mountains, which here commence their rise, for a visit to the Emperor's new country-seat at Petropolis.

At daylight the next morning the call was given to 'boot and horse,' and descending to the ill-smelling court-yard I found my party inspecting about twenty donkeys collected for their examination, and receiving some preliminary instructions from the guide and stable-boys as to their general management.

Here, for the benefit of those who have never seen Spanish mule-riding, and who imagine it from having made some 'Alpine passes' or cantered across a common upon the 'old thistle-demolisher' of some country village, let me describe the paraphernalia of steed and rider, and the manner of their use. The saddle of wood, high-peaked before and behind, as gayly decorated as brass and red flannel can make it, presents by its size a ludicrous contrast to the animal bearing it. To

the almost as highly-ornamented bridle is attached a bit which seems designed for an elephant instead of the diminutive creature whose mouth it almost completely fills. To put the machine in motion, the rider is armed with a pair of ponderous spurs; but as there is a great difference in the capacity of mules to endure their infliction, it is considered advisable to 'look before you leap:' in other words, to know your beast before you plunge. In case, however, owing to the hereditary obstinacy of the race, starting cannot be effected by them, which often happens, several means are optional with the traveller, from the use of a pin, knife, or small sapling, to kindling a fire between the hind legs; or, if opposed to bloodshed and violence, he can try 'moral suasion,' which consists in waiting until the animal gets tired and hungry, and moves himself, a result that may take place at any time between one and six hours. Stopping is effected by giving a short, sharp jerk to the reins, such as nervous country ladies always give when crossing a railroad-track. The mule is guided by pressing the rein against the opposite side of the neck to which you wish to go. For instance, if you wish to turn to the left, the left rein is not pulled, but the right one is pressed against the right side by carrying it over the neck to the left.

As commissioner I had retired for a few minutes to the kitchen to settle our score, and while thus engaged heard the noise made by the party as they rode from the court-yard. Running hastily to the stable, I found a 'Hobson's choice' was left me: but one mule remained. Although somewhat chagrined at the first discovery of this fact, on regarding my Bucephalus my spirits rose: he was really a fine-looking animal, large, and in excellent condition. His equipments also were in fair order, so that I wondered at his having been overlooked; but finally concluded that the darkness in the shed must have obscured his merits. Even to this day — unless they were warned by the guide, a fact stoutly denied by all — I feel surprised that no one was attracted by his appearance.

About a hundred yards from the gate I joined my party, who had stopped to arrange the order of march. Owing to a habit of the mules of always following each other in single file, acquired by their journeys in the narrow paths in the mountains, we could not go abreast; the right of precedence, therefore, was all that was open to discussion. This was soon settled; my place being assigned in the middle of the column.

On my exit from the inn, I had been struck with a singular irregularity in the motion of my mule, but the distance was too short for a close scrutiny. On again starting, however, I became fully aware of its peculiarity. His gait was indescribable: it seemed a combination of the roll of the elephant, the sharp jerk of the camel, with the naturally

hard shock of the mule; the physical sensations produced were similar, I should imagine, to being ridden upon a rail. I could not account for it, and soon called for a halt and an explanation. The latter was not eminently satisfactory. One, I am not sure but both, of his legs on one side were much shorter than upon the other. This, although an advantage upon the side of a hill, by permitting him easily to keep his centre of gravity, was a serious objection upon the level ground. I found at a walk or slow amble, the usual rate of asinine progression, he could not keep up with his companions. Each moment the gap between him and the one in front widened. In vain the man behind, with blows and frightful yells, endeavored to urge him on: he was as imperturbable a stoic as ever philosophized. Attempts made to pass met with no better success; no inducements could get the beasts out of their accustomed line. Despairing of ever reaching the journey's end, I resolved at last to torture from him a confession of his wrong, which was done by implanting about half an inch of Rogers and Sons' cutlery in his left flank. If he had been lifted by some mighty power, and dropped twenty feet in advance of his original position, he could not have gone quicker over the same space; but alas! for his prowess, one of the two legs which first touched the ground was the diminutive member; so losing his equilibrium, he pitched forward, landing me on a bank by the road-side, while he disappeared in an adjoining ditch. Fired with this glorious example, all the other mules were seized with a wonderful vigor, and raising a tremendous cloud of dust, the gallant band swept by, leaving me to shift for myself.

It would be a painful task to describe the adventures of that day, the mishaps by flood and field, for the distinction between wet and dry seemed never to enter his brain; how he nearly pushed a heavily-loaded mule off a precipice by tumbling against him; how a whole coffee train was blockaded by his getting cross-ways in a narrow pass, with his longest legs up the hill, instead of down, so that he could not turn. Let it suffice, for the sake of the narrative, that I reached the goal not far in the rear of my companions. Here let me mention a curious fact. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this mountain city are Swiss, and here in another clime are to be seen all the peculiarities of their own land, from the unpainted *chalèts* to those dogs of the Pyrenees, commonly christened St. Bernard dogs.

Our landlord informed us after dinner, that the Emperor was not in the city, but had gone to Rio, to await a vessel of war daily expected with some female member of the royal family of Portugal, but would return on her arrival.

A single day only was needed to exhaust the sights of the town, and on the next afternoon we were ready to return. With what dread I



looked forward to that descent. I had worked my way up through all sorts of dangers, but with my spirits buoyed with the excitement of anticipation and the magnificence of the scenery; now they were to recur when my sole thoughts were to be given to looking down upon them. I doubted the capabilities of my mule; heretofore the tumbles had been up-hill, and of no great distance, now, under the force of gravity, they were to be in an opposite direction; and where he might conclude to tumble to was more than with all my misgivings I dared imagine.

As I dolorously straddled my tripod, and commenced my dot-and-carry-one march homeward, I decided upon what seemed the safest plan under the circumstances. It consisted in simply letting the mule do as he pleased, as I knew, from a diligent perusal, when a boy, of several treatises on 'Habits of Animals,' that ultimately he would return to his own stable. I determined not to urge him in the slightest degree, but to allow him to enjoy all his own vagaries, even if a week was consumed in the trial, and at every place that seemed more than ordinarily dangerous to get off and walk. With a settled consciousness that nothing untoward *could* happen to me, my companions rapidly turned the corner out of my sight, and left me, as on my way up, to my own resources.

The first mile was accomplished slowly, but without accident. I became encouraged, but this monotonous routine did not suit my mule; some display was necessary to show the freshness of his powers and the fertility of his imagination, and it soon came. As we passed a blacksmith's-shop, its large doors, one at each end, invitingly open, in he bolted, with a loud bray of welcome, as much as to say, 'God save all in this house.' Seeing my inability to get away, the blacksmith came to the rescue, and applied the heated iron in his hand to the animal's hide. There was a singe and a roar, and away he went, but it was only to the other door. A second application of the actual cautery had the effect of returning him to the first door. How long this game of battledore and shuttlecock might have continued, it is hard to say, had not a brilliant stratagem been adopted. A man stationed himself in each door-way, when the mule, finding himself met at all points, vacated the position.

With one parting singe, he took the narrow path-way leading to the crest of the mountain, on the other side of which commenced the descent I so much feared. This path, cut between high precipitous rocks, was so narrow that the mules going and coming could with difficulty pass each other. Jogging along it, so busily thinking of other matters that I had forgotten all my troubles, I had nearly reached the top, when happening to look up to the summit of the path-way, a short distance in front, my eye was attracted by a sudden glitter. In an instant a

gorgeously-dressed lancer made his appearance on the spot, and as the perception of the fact that the Emperor was coming, on his return from Rio, became plain to my startling faculties, another and another followed, until soon a long train of armed men came in sight, bearing directly down upon me. I became nervous and confused, and in my agitation, completely forgetting the instructions of the guide, jerked the reins of my mule, in order to hurry his steps and get him as far as possible to the side of the path. But with his own peculiar obstinacy, or rather for once obeying the rules of his education, instead of quickening his movements, he stood still. I had turned the steam off my machine, and had no wood to get it again in motion. Thinking it perfectly superfluous, under the course of tactics I had adopted, I had loaned my single spur to one of my companions, and for the same reason was unprovided with a cudgel. In vain I kicked and shouted, pounded him with my fists, and beat a tattoo on his ribs with my heels: with his legs planted straight out in front of him, as immovable as the Column Vendome, his head down and ears laid back, the wretched beast stood stock-still. My head began to swim and my sight to leave me; all around seemed a blank; my whole consciousness and will were concentrated in trying to make the animal move, while nearer and nearer came that shining line. Soon a hoarse noise called to me in Portuguese; but I did not reply to it, and can scarcely say that I even more than heard it: royalty, the world, were nothing to me then, compared with the obstinacy of that mule. I remember a hubbub of laughs and oaths, but all of that time is as a confused dream in my mind.

From this state of oblivion I was suddenly aroused by a hearty voice addressing me in French: 'You have rather an obstinate mule there.' I looked up; in front of me was a young man in a cocked hat and dark undress uniform, mounted upon some animal which, from my then confused condition, I cannot now feel sure of the nature of. Some of the lancers had passed me, others were endeavoring to force the narrow passage on one side. What I replied to this remark, or whether I replied at all, I know not. 'Use your spurs,' said the same voice, and then, as if suddenly aware of my destitute predicament, it added, 'Well, try a lance.' An order was given to one of the soldiers at my side, who dropped his lance to the position for a charge, and obeyed at once. At the application of the cold steel, my mule made a bound, the counterpart of his acrobatic performance on the way up. I remember striking heavily against some body, it may have been the Emperor, or only one of the guards. I heard loud laughs and shouts and screams; I have a dim perception of seeing women, baggage, and many mules; something was overturned, and then all became dark before my eyes.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, probably not more than a few minutes. On opening my eyes, I found myself upon the ground, my shoulders supported by one of the soldiers, while a second was sopping my head with a handkerchief wet with cold water. My clothes were muddy and torn in several places. In the middle of the path, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, or, as I thought, with a diabolical leer in his eye, stood the wretched cause of my troubles. At my side, surrounded by several ladies and officers in uniform, was the same person who had addressed me just before the accident. As I looked round and made attempts to rise, he said: 'Ah! you feel better; it was not much, after all.'

Whatever I may have thought, I coincided in the opinion by replying: 'A mere trifle.'

'Monsieur is English,' he asked.

'Non, Monsieur, American.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Rio, Monsieur.'

'Alone?'

'No, Monsieur, I have some friends somewhere about here.'

'Ah! yes, I met them a few moments ago on the other side of the mountain; Baron — was with them. Well, take care of yourself, for there are places on the way down where a fall will not be so pleasant as here. Adieu.'

With these parting words and a hearty laugh, the Emperor (for he it was) mounted, and in a few seconds the cavalcade was hid from my sight by a turn in the path-way.

I rejoined my companions, whom I found drawn up in a line by the side of the road. They seemed anxious about me, and eagerly inquired where I had been, and the cause of my dilapidated appearance. I replied ambiguously, merely hinting that a *friend* had favored me with an introduction to his Majesty. A short time after, an account was published of the misadventure of an American in the Imperial presence. They charged me as the person. I attempted to deceive; they laughed, so I shrouded myself in impenetrable mystery. But the sight of a mule, or the name of an emperor, to this day brings disagreeable associations to my mind.

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O N W O M A N .

NATURE, regardful of the babbling race,  
Planted no *beard* upon a woman's face;  
Not ROGERS' razors, though the very best,  
Can shave a chin that never is at rest.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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IDYLS OF THE KING. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

THE romances of King ARTHUR and his Knights of the Round Table, form a large and interesting branch of mediaeval popular literature. ARTHUR, MERLIN, GAWAINE, and LANCELOT, are historical characters in old Welsh and Armorican songs of the sixth Christian century, and were then the names of contemporary British heroes and bards who led and inspired the resisting but conquered Britons against the triumphant Saxons. The historical ARTHUR was a chieftain in the southern part of Britain, who enjoyed preëminence over neighboring princes, fought twelve battles, most of them against the Anglo-Saxons, and was mortally wounded in the conflict with his nephew MODRED at Camlan. His death was long concealed, and the consequence was a wide-spread, popular fiction that he had only withdrawn from the world into a fairy region, and that at a future crisis he would return to the Britons and lead them in triumph through the island. Such is the ARTHUR of the sixth century; and his contemporaries speak of him with respect but not with wonder. In the twelfth century he reappears with his associates in innumerable romances, no longer in moderate greatness, but as a kind of miraculous MARS, before whom kings and nations sunk in panic — as a chivalrous paragon of excellence, the favorite theme of minstrels, the very *flos regum*. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the romances of CHARLEMAGNE and his paladins were hardly more popular in the principal countries of Europe than were those of ARTHUR and his knights. They were told voluminously in metre and in prose, with astonishing variety of sentiment and adventure, forming grand bodies of the mediaeval doctrine of heroism, and displaying a sort of mythic code of life in accordance with the elevated and romantic spirit of ideal chivalry.

The laureate of England has returned to these early blossoms of modern genius for the subject of his latest poem, which is certainly a *chef-d'œuvre*, and will perhaps be accounted his *magnum opus*. It treats of but few of the incidents, and mentions few even of the names which are known to a student of Arthurian literature, but each of the four idyls is in itself a complete and most delicately-lined picture, a beautiful reproduction of a simple legend. The rich melody of the blank verse recalls some of the finest pieces in his earlier volumes as MORT D'ARTHUR and ULYSSES.

'ENID' is the heroine of the first idyl, which relates how her husband, 'the brave GERAINT, a Knight of ARTHUR's Court,' first won her for his wife from YNIOL's castle, and afterward won her from his own causeless jealousy. GUINEVERE, ARTHUR's Queen, had been too hastily answered by a Knight that

HAD visor up, and showed a youthful face,  
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.

GERAINT at once followed him to avenge the insult, and fell in with YNIOL in a ruined hall, who chanced to have specially suffered at the hands of the proud knight. YNIOL's daughter sang in the distance :

— 'AND as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;  
So the sweet voice of ENID moved GERAINT ;'

and he only thought and said, 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.' Soon she entered, and in a moment he thought, 'Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me.' The hoary YNIOL spoke to her to tend the stranger's horse and to prepare flesh and wine, and when GERAINT was fain to give his aid, the host added :

'REST! the good house, though ruined, O my son!  
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.  
And reverencing the custom of the house,  
GERAINT, from utter courtesy, forbore.'

At length the proud knight, the author of injury and insult, was vanquished by GERAINT—and not only vanquished, but changed. The work 'was great and wonderful.'

'His very face with change of heart is changed.  
The world will not believe a man repents :  
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use  
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.'

GERAINT bore away with him ENID, who became the favorite of ARTHUR's queen, and who afterward retired with him to his lands on the banks of Severn. There unluckily he heard her say at the close of a monologue : 'O me! I fear that I am no true wife.' He heard only enough for misinterpretation, and straightway in his frenzy he ordained a mild, bedlamite action, a fantastic journey. She rode before, under command never to look back, and he followed her. In that age of violence the foremost rider was the first to discover plots and purposed attacks, and twice she turned back to warn her husband, twice he vanquished the assailants, and twice reproached her for breaking his command. A third time a slight motion of her finger indicated the danger, and the warrior was in a manner pleased that she kept the letter of his word. He, however, was wounded, though victorious, and ENID turned only when she heard the clashing of his fall after he had begun again to follow her ; and in the land of a barbarous and hostile prince, her patient kindness was most touchingly displayed. He was conscious, though believed to be dead, and while riotous knights revelled about her, her devotion only to her lord was triumphantly proved. At length the huge and bearded Earl DOORM ventured an insult to her.



'THIS heard GERAINT, and grasping at his sword,  
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield,)  
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
Shore through the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
The russet-bearded head rolled on the floor.'

Then follows the confession of GERAINT :

'I HEARD you say that you were no true wife :  
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

The story closes with the arrival of ARTHUR and his knights, who had come to chastise the very Earl that had met his fate at the hands of GERAINT. Three other stories link, like this, the chivalry of the middle ages with the fine humanity of all times, and prove that TENNYSON'S power is growing, notwithstanding the doubts which 'MAUD' occasioned to some of his admirers.

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COUNTERPARTS, OR THE CROSS OF LOVE. By the author of 'Charles Auchester.'  
BOSTON : MAYHEW AND BAKER. 1859.

NOVELS constitute the unaccountable and indescribable department of literature — the favorite department, at present, with both readers and writers. There are novels in every style, suited to every taste, treating of every topic, revealing all conditions of life, discussing all branches of learning, rambling through every field of speculation, ordaining the principles of Church and State as easily as the rationale of manner, demolishing and reconstructing society, penetrating all mysteries, unfolding, in short, all the facts and all the wonders of the world which have been since creation, and which shall be while destiny be accomplished. The mission of the novelist is to depict society; and when we reflect that the ideas of all thinkers, the visions of all poetic dreamers, the diverse schemes suggested by love, by ambition, by benevolence, and the multiplied hopes and purposes of all classes of persons are combined and work and revel together in what may be called the mind of the community, it ceases to surprise us that the domain of the novelist embraces every department of human thought. Novels are popular because they are happy, exuberant, and comparatively artless accounts of the mingled theories and scenes of life which experience and reflection have furnished to the author. They are naive, and leave impressions like those derived from social converse.

'Counterparts,' like its predecessor, is perhaps destined to be highly admired rather than widely read. Its leading characteristic is a peculiar refinement and nobility of sentiment, and its characters stand higher in the range of being than most of the recent heroes and heroines. It is decidedly, to our mind, a more civilized book than the works of our best reputed novelists.

The motto from COLERIDGE foreshadows the story as one of love : 'Two forms that differ in order to correspond — this is the true sense of the word counterpart.' Yet love throughout the volume rises to the higher meanings of the word, and seems a thing in sympathy with Platonic, not to say with Christian, thought. It was an odd caprice or principle in the authoress, to leave her three most prominent and delightful characters unmarried.

Not only the characters are admirable, but the ideas suggested on various themes are well up to the present standard of thought. Mesmerism just appears, but is not intruded; music is as abundant and charming as it is in social life, and on many questions of duty and modes of action the reader is constantly deriving impressions from superior personages. By its favors for what is termed the 'Arabian-Hebrew' race, 'Counterparts' recalls some of the novels of the younger DISRAELI, and a pride of race is apparent like that which DISRAELI betrayed when he declared that 'in history, every thing is race,' and that the Hebrew is the most ancient, the noblest, and the purest of all the races.

With merits of a rare order, the novel has also the essential requisite of being a fascinating story. We would like to predict that it will be the most widely-circulated romance of the season, but will only say that, if it be not so, the reason is, that the book is too good for the public.

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POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By G. W. DASENT. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

THAT a rustic, popular tale should become a matter of importance in the history of migrations and of races is even more remarkable than the reconstruction of historic periods and events from the crusts of the earth or from the roots of languages. A legend springs from the genius of a people, is created and modified by popular instincts and feelings, and is a sort of living institution expressing and transmitting the ideas, the hopes, the fears, and the fancies — gay, grave, or grotesque — of untaught men, from generation to generation. Popular legends thus serve as historical records, forming together a somewhat poetical transcript of the national mind in its various moods, as affected by the features of nature, the revolutions of state, and the symbolic conceptions of religion.

The most curious fact in connection with popular tales, is the evidence which they furnish of the relationship of remote peoples. They combine with comparative philology to prove that the Indo-European nations are of common stock — that they either inherited from immemorial tradition certain common faiths of fancy, or that they possessed a kindred character of race, a mental and moral similarity, which prompted them to build up the same stories. Older than the pre-historic Aryan migration must have been the germs, which grew into cognate, popular traditions in a zone from India, westward to Ireland.

The common story of WILLIAM TELL, and his daring shot, is mentioned by Mr. DASENT as an instance of a widely-spread legend, primæval among many tribes and races, which was at length attributed by a grateful people to their favorite champion as a real exploit. It appears in numerous Scandinavian legends of the eleventh century, is related a little later as the feat of a German magician of the Upper Rhine, and is told in England in the old ballads of ADAM BELL and Clym of the Clough. It is omitted in the older Swiss chronicles of TELL, and is first told of him in the year 1499, when it had been for at least a few centuries a common tradition of famous marksmen.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.' — We are enabled, through the receipt of a copy of the *London Times a Hundred Years Hence* — a perfect *fac-simile*, in every respect, of the present 'Thunderer' — to present our readers with a knowledge of the 'progress of the age' in which we have lived, far onward into that in which we *have n't*, as yet. Even in the advertisements, there are 'shots' from the leaden messengers which compose them, which, 'swifter than any bullet,' as the eloquent CHAPIN observed, at the great Booksellers' Festival, will 'hit the mark, though it be a hundred years ahead.' The parliamentary news is not of marked interest. WOMAN, it would seem, has established her 'rights,' if we may judge from the proceedings in the 'House of Peereses,' which are of a very stirring character, although not of especial interest at this 'late' day. An editorial column is devoted to important intelligence by the last balloon-mail from Egypt, including a graphic description by a correspondent of an entertainment given upon the top of the great Pyramid by Pasha Sir CLAUDIUS SMITH, to which the guests came by balloons, and other aerial conveyances, in great variety. Apropos of this: while Messrs. WISE, LA MOUNTAIN, and their 'pardners,' are getting ready their great *Balloon for Crossing the Atlantic*, let them enjoy a *foretaste* of the uses to which their airy science is to be put in the 'good time coming,' in the perusal of the following aerial advertisements:

**NOW OPEN.**—The Aerial Suspension Terrace, from the Iron Gallery of the Monument to the Ball and Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. This delightful promenade is open daily for the use of children and invalids, and is entirely free from the smoke of the railway trains passing through the City of London. For the accommodation of visitors, the Proprietor has made arrangements with the Aerial Omnibus Company for one of their balloons to stop at either entrance of the Suspension Terrace every five minutes. Toll, Adults, 1d. Children and Servants, Half-price.

**MUNDANE ATTRACTION.**—Now selling, A Map of the ether regions, carefully taken from actual survey, and pointing to aerial travellers, who clear the dangers of Mundane Attraction, the exact altitude at which they must halt, if they would wait till the globe brings Egypt directly under them.

**TUBES and BARRELS** for supplying Earth-Air to Balloonists and others, when beyond the atmosphere of terra firma. £1 if made to order. A few second-hand ones at 15s. each. Gale and Ayr, Boreas Street, Windmill Hill, Gravesend.

**RAIN for PEAS.**—Electrical Pocket Machines for Dissolving Clouds Instantaneously. Of immense utility and assistance to gardeners. To be seen in full operation in the parterre of Messrs. Field and Waters, Meadow Lane, Moorfields.

Don't let us laugh nor sneer too soon. Things stranger to 'our friends' of a hundred years ago than these, have come to pass within the last century. 'Wait and see,' is safe advice, good even in this progressive age. The daily editors, it would seem, are still to be bothered with complaining correspondents in the time to come, as in times past and present. An indignant 'CITIZEN' writes to the *Times* as follows: 'Sir: It would be well, it appears to me, if some attention was paid to the misconduct at the aerial car-stands, at which many owners are in the constant habit of throwing out their grapnel-irons, and whisking off the hats of the pedestrians. I was myself most cruelly assaulted on Wednesday last by the cad to the car of the balloon which travels to Edinboro', and is stationed for the convenience of the public at the NELSON Column. A very valuable gossamer was jerked from my head, and many important papers contained in it scattered in all directions in the muddy foot-way. This was sufficient annoyance of itself to me; but the jeers and shouts of the mob almost drove me mad.' The burlesque satire of the subjoined advertisements will not be lost upon our readers. Walking rail-roads, as a surgeon 'walks the hospitals,' for 'subjects,' would n't be a bad speculation, even among us:

**A CARD.**—Dr. Emanuel Sawbones has the honor to announce that he continues his practice of walking the railways, and will be happy to receive a few select pupils to accompany him in his daily tour up the Eastern Counties. All expenses covered by an entrance fee of £100, except particular broken limbs, which must be paid for as found. Sawbone House, January 1, 1959.

**ELEPHANT'S MILK.**—Mr. Camel, of Dromedary College, has opened a depot for the cultivation of this most salubrious and life-giving medicine. Mr. Camel invites the public to inspect his depot in Trunkmaker's Row, where droves of elephants may be seen every morning stationed before his doors, and kept ready to be driven to the abodes of the opulent.

**MISS. SERMONS.**—To be sold cheap, several hundred manuscript sermons, warranted unpreached, and in excellent condition. The texts are of the most orthodox and fashionable description, and wonderfully adapted for charitable occasions. Apply to the Dean, at the Twopenny Exhibition, St. Paul's Churchyard.

**A RARA AVIS.**—A Pope's Bull and an Alderney Cow.—These curiosities will only remain on Exhibition during the week. Now Exhibiting at Drover's Yard, West-Smithfield. Admission—Adults, 2s. 6d. Children, Half-price.

**INCREDIBLE.**—Boots and Shoes stamped at one blow out of a solid piece of leather, and made to fit to a nicety. Sold at less than one-fourth of the charge demanded by the craft of Boot and Shoemakers. Hall and Last, Leather Lane, Holborn.

**GREEK TAUGHT in ONE LESSON.**—Dr. Addlebrain begs to announce that, by his Improved Grammar and Lexicon, he now undertakes to make any gentleman of the most moderate abilities, a perfect classical scholar in one lesson, provided his fee is paid in advance. 9, College Street, Westminster.

So much for the physical and intellectual 'improvement' which may be expected to characterize the year 1959!

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER SIX. — In opening the present number of this gossipy and desultory narrative-history of our Magazine, we desire to pay a passing, well-deserved tribute to those who were, from the very first, instrumental in promoting 'that first appeal, which is *to the eye*,' of which our friend and correspondent, 'JOHN WATERS,' (HENRY CARY, Esq.,) made mention in a notelet which was published in our last. We speak here in type the name of WILLIAM OSBORN, for so many years the careful printer of the KNICKERBOCKER, with mingled emotions of gratitude and affection. Our long, long association with him was never interrupted by a single even unpleasant word or unkind thought. We always read with him the proof by copy, of every line which went into the Magazine. He was a quiet, grave, thoughtful, Christian man; methodical always, to a degree, and in the discharge of all his duties, as faithful as the sun. He was a man of feeling; and many and many a time, when we were reading proof together, have we seen his small light hazel eyes bedimmed, and his fresh-hued cheeks bedewed with the 'moisture of the heart: ' he could laugh too, and *did* so freely, although 'furtively,' as Mr. COOPER would say, when we came across any thing in reading which was calculated to 'start the risible machinery.' It is astonishing, as we run over the pages of our long-past volumes, how vividly his form and presence, and the expression of his features, are brought before us, by encountering here a touch of pathos, or there a side-splitting bit of wit, or anon a sly but trenchant passage of satire or humor, which aforetime we read together. It has always been our good fortune (let us close this opening digression by saying) to find *all* who have been engaged in producing the 'entyped' KNICKERBOCKER, *interested* in seeing that its mechanical execution was such as to do honor to the work. Foremen, who would do any thing to serve us; compositors, who have set up thousands of pages of our scribblings, always with care, and not unfrequently with 'patient trouble,' to gratify a whim, or satisfy a sentiment; pressmen, who have 'over-laid' or 'under-laid,' or darkened or lightened their 'forms,' at the suggestions of our caprice: ye KNICKERBOCKER 'boys,' widely severed, perhaps, we yet recall you, 'in form and feature as ye moved' and acted: and if it is a pleasure for you to know that you are emulated by those who have succeeded you, look at the execution of *these* pages, and 'possess yourselves in contentment:' rejoice that energetic, liberal publishers, good compositors, good proof-readers, good stereotypers, and good pressmen — ay, and kindly, obliging gentlemen too — 'still live.'

'Hold up!'

Yes, yes: that's all: but we could n't *help* saying so much, because it is *true*, every word of it: and because we are prompted to say it by grateful reminiscence and present appreciation, combined, which were not to be resisted.

And here again we are irresistibly led to say, that it hardly seems to be right — it appears indeed to be short of simple justice — that we should dismiss 'OLLAPOD,' and his communications to the KNICKERBOCKER, with the dozen lines which we devoted to him in our July number. Now that we are running over numberless



letters from him to his twin-brother—letters which have been carefully treasured, yet not one of which has been even glanced at, from the time of the death of the writer, until we began to pen this casual narrative—we are more than ever reminded how *much* he did for our long-loved and lovingly-cherished literary 'Per;' and under what circumstances he performed this labor of brotherly love.

The cares, not alone editorial, of a popular daily journal, were upon his shoulders: every day's sail was bringing his frail bark nearer to its last port: yet every letter from him to us, up to the very last, contained something to please our readers, or something to encourage and cheer us onward, amid many difficulties which beset us, arising from 'the times,' and which, with our sorely distraught partner, we were compelled to meet and to overcome. *How* can we choose but speak of this, when, in sending us the last broken-off numbers of the *Ollapodiana Papers*, he was compelled to say:

'Now LEWIS, I want to tell you *one* thing, and I don't want you to feel gloomy about it, or to have you deceived. I am doing all for my malady that I can; but my decline, with all I do—and I follow all directions strictly—is constantly advancing upon me. *You'll* see when you come on, LEWIS—and I want you to come *quickly*; for, LEWIS, we have not many more interviews in store for this world. My cares, my joys, my jokes, my tales and idle fancies, will not long be reciprocated with yours, below the sun. I am not misleading you: I am failing—*failing*: not slowly, but with strides which I can perceive, from one fortnight to another—so impressed am I by my symptoms. In the afternoon I can scarcely walk: I cannot breathe without a groan; and the weight of my dear little WILLIE on my arm, is more than I can sustain. To show you how I struggle and labor with my malady: A kind lady, the wife of a next-door neighbor, sent in this morning to know 'if Mr. CLARK would not accept of some syrup which she had, and which had done herself, since its prescription, great good: it was so distressing, she said, to hear me cough so, almost all the night through.' Now was n't that kind? Upon my word, (knowing how no long time it must be before I shall be beyond all human attentions,) it almost made me *cry*.' . . . 'O LEWIS! in these days all my old feelings come freshly up, and assure me that I am unchanged. I shall be the same always, until I go hence and am no more seen: and so do *you* be, LEWIS: 'Twinned both at a birth,' the only pledges of our parents' union, we should be all the world to each other:

'We are but two—a little band:  
Be faithful till we die:  
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
Till side by side we lie!'

But to revert more especially to our particular theme, at present in hand. It will not be amiss, we think, while doing justice to those earlier writers in the KNICKERBOCKER, who entertained and amused its readers, to yield appropriate credit also to those whose writings engaged the interest, and attracted the emulation, not only of readers at large, but of other *writers*, whose tastes, studies, and reasearches were akin with theirs.

We remember well the pleasant autumn morning when the late lamented JOHN L. STEPHENS (who died upon the Great Isthmus which is now the preëminent transit-point between two mighty oceans, and to the *means* of which, his energy,

enterprise, and capital contributed so much) called upon us, and after a little chat, asked:

'Have you any objection, Mr. CLARK, to put me in communication with the writer of the articles in your late numbers (this was in the autumn of 1837) on the subject of *'American Antiquities'* — the ruins and remains of Central America? I have become deeply interested in the subject: and really, I have half a notion to go upon that long-sleeping and deserted ground, and examine for myself.'

Of course, we had no objection to refer Mr. STEPHENS, who was himself an occasional contributor to our pages, to the writer of the articles in question: and we only allude now to the otherwise unimportant circumstance above mentioned, to show that to this series of articles in our Magazine, the public were indebted, originally, for the visit of Mr. STEPHENS to the regions and the wonders described, and which the enthusiastic and accomplished traveller made productive of the two splendid volumes upon *'Central America,'* which our friends the Brothers HARPER afterward gave to the world.

The writer of the articles which had interested Mr. STEPHENS so much, and in the end, so effectively, were from the pen of Mr. CHAPIN, not professionally an author or a literary man, who was then resident in the metropolis, but was formerly a tradesman in Providence, Rhode-Island. The papers were illustrated by several well-executed wood-engravings from good drawings, and were remarkable for elaborate and lucid descriptions of the scenes, ruined temples, crania, etc., of which they treated. It was, all things considered, a sudden baring to the day, of wonderful antiquities, the most extraordinary of which had slept for three hundred years in Central America, among strangers from another (not a *newer*) world, as they had before slept for many thousands. They attracted, as we have said, much attention here, and in two of the literary and scientific journals of London, were favorably noticed: and they were unquestionably the precursors of kindred things, not then 'seen as yet.'

We take it that we have very few readers of our pages who have not had the pleasure to read entire, or to enjoy extracts from, *'The American in Paris,'* by the late JOHN SANDERSON, of Philadelphia. As all know, who have read it, it is a series of familiar letters written from Paris some twenty years since, and literally 'running over' with humor, wit, the quaintest similes, the most grotesque pictures, and abounding in good-nature. We quoted Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING's brief commendation of this volume in this particular portion of our number for July. Through the instrumentality of our twin-brother, his services as a contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER were secured very soon after his return from Paris. Among his sketches was a series of amusing, gossiping *'Letters from London,'* and *'Letters from our Village,'* the scenes of the latter of which were laid in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, when it arose from its coal-bed, and, like a giant refreshed, had begun to run its race. We think it was from large and judicious purchases in this flourishing anthracite town, that Mr. SANDERSON accumulated the means of satisfying his elegant tastes in extended travel. He was a fine scholar, an excellent linguist: and to read his writings, no one would have supposed him to have reached one

half the years which were upon his shoulders. He was an exceedingly handsome man, when he paid us a visit here in town: yet his abundant hair was even then as white as snow, which, however, only made his bright-shining dark eyes to sparkle more radiantly. We brought Mr. LONGFELLOW and himself casually together; and we well remember a characteristic compliment which occurred between them on that occasion:

'Judging from your writings, Mr. SANDERSON,' said Mr. LONGFELLOW, 'I should have taken you to be a younger man.'

'I can reciprocate your flattering remark, by saying, with equal truth, that judging from *your* productions, I should set you down for a much *older* man than you seem.'

Mr. LONGFELLOW's hair, of a rich brown, at that time, dropped over and away from his temples, in wavy abundance, and his face was 'as smooth as a girl's.'

If Mr. SANDERSON had any fault, in the many agreeable sketches which he contributed to these pages, it was, that his equivoque sometimes went a little too near the edge. We recollect, on one occasion, when Mr. IRVING was reading the proof-sheet of one of his '*Crayon Papers*,' at our publication-office, (which was at that time at Number 45, Fulton-street,) he read onto a few pages of Mr. SANDERSON's article, which succeeded his own, and with which he appeared greatly amused. When he had read to the end of the sheet, he remarked: 'Mr. SANDERSON's articles are never too long, but sometimes they strike me as being *a little too broad*.'

Here it was our design to condense a few brief passages of Mr. SANDERSON's peculiarly racy and matter-full sketches: these await that 'good time coming,' let us hope, when we may *sit* under our own vine and fig-tree, or at this familiar 'Table,' without the necessity of a chair with a supposititious bottom, (the precious loan of a neighbor,) and with 'nothing to make us afraid' to take any *kind* of a seat.

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TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S NEW EDITION OF COOPER'S WORKS. — There is no sentence of the following extract from the last number of the *North-American Review*, touching Messrs. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY'S new edition of COOPER'S immortal works, which is not true, and well deserved. DARLEY'S illustrations, so beautiful are they, are almost worth the price asked for the volumes:

'We believe the present a peculiarly favorable moment for the issue of a new edition of COOPER'S novels. It is an undoubted fact, that on their first appearance they had even a wider popularity in England than in the United States. They related to times the memory of which was still fresh, the events still recent, and to scenes still familiar. The crowded incidents of the last quarter of a century, and the revolutions that have transformed the face of our country, have already thrown the materials of these tales into a semi-mythical back-ground, and given them the prestige of antiquity, while the genius which alone confers literary immortality could never before have been appreciated as it now is. The edition, of which we have five volumes before us, is more than beautiful: it is magnificent, splendid, worthy of any superlative epithet

that may be employed to characterize it. The illustrations are numerous, appropriate, and in the artist's very best style; than which, it is well known, nothing can be better. We procured for our present number an elaborate article on COOPER, in order to second to the utmost of our ability the munificent enterprise of the publishers. That article circumstances beyond our control have compelled us to lay over for the opening paper in our next number. Meanwhile, we trust that the appearance of COOPER's novels in so attractive a form, will renew in the risen, and awaken in the rising generation familiar converse with one who was almost the pioneer among American authors worthy of the name, and to whom our infant literature has been more largely indebted than to any other writer in any department, for its trans-Atlantic reputation.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Our friend Captain N. B. COCHRAN, (whom many travellers in the '*Armenia*' and the '*Isaac P. Smith*' on the Hudson will so pleasurably remember,) himself an antiquarian of rare tastes, and a collector of fine old books, prints, and precious autographs — this gentleman, not long since, at Nyack, on the Hudson above us, delivered a lecture intituled '*The Antiquarian and his Pursuits*:' and this was his felicitous and appropriate opening:

'MAN must have something to love,' was the language of the jailer to a state-prisoner confined in a castle in the interior of France, in the time of the first NAPOLEON; and state-prisoners have small choice allowed them in these whims. 'Why, among my boarders here, Signor Count, you would be surprised to see at what little cost they manage to divert themselves. One catches flies; another chops a solid deal table into chips; some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and goldfinches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls, I have so much respect for their pets, that I had a fine Angora cat of my own, with long white silken hair — you would have sworn 't was a muff when 't was asleep — a cat that my wife doated on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it away, lest the creature should take a fancy to some of these favorites. All the cats in the creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive: and I look upon that man they tell of, who killed the pet spider of the prisoner under his charge, as a wretch, not worthy to be a jailer. 'T was a base action! — nay, a crime!'

'Nobly and humanely spoken, thou stern jailer of Enestfellen! Thou teachest us all a lesson, that true nobility of the heart is not confined to any caste, profession, or calling.

'With the most of us there is a life of daily hardship and captivity to be endured, and there is also a life of love and ecstasy to be enjoyed; and when united, they form the complete measure of our existence; and happy is the person who can blend the two so as to harmonize and complete that true character.

'We are all state-prisoners, and old TIME is the grim jailer who carries the keys of our existence at his girdle, and locks, wards, or releases us at his pleasure. To some he permits the range of a court-yard and corridor, and allows them a view of a flowery landscape, and to breathe a perfumed air, while others are confined within walls, moats, and ditches. And you who have caught the golden-plumed oriole or the sweet-singing thrush for a pet, laugh not, nor despise your more humble prisoner, who catches what

comes within his reach, to minister to his solitude: for how knowest thou but his poor fly or mouse has cheered and comforted him in his lowly position, as much as thy more gilded, showy, or costly prize?

'I have said that we were all prisoners, and were all grasping for that object — fancied or real — which was to increase our happiness or solace us in our afflictions. And prominently and honorably among all this vast body I place the Antiquarian. He it is who possesses the true Aladdin's lamp. He it is who has discovered the only true philosopher's stone. He it is who can gather around him his charmed mantle, and grasp his wand and invoke the times of old, and hear their voice proclaiming the language that awakes the soul — the voice of years that are gone; they roll before him with all their deeds. To the man of the present — the grub-worm, the money-catcher, the man whose only and highest aim is to add dollar to dollar, field to field, and mortgage to mortgage — to such an one the antiquarian may appear a fool or a madman; but let me say to him, that he possesses riches that he knows not of, nor ever dreamed of in his philosophy, nor ever can, for his mind is not capable of comprehending or taking in the true brotherly spirit which it begets and inculcates. In Art there are several departments — such as architecture, sculpture, and painting — and each branch has its student, admirer, and enthusiast, but all pursuing and actuated by one great aim, and that the development, beautifying, and exalting of Art and her handmaids.

'In speaking of the antiquarian and his pursuits, I shall include all under one head, whatever branch he may pursue: whether it be in the collecting of old books, old clothes, old pictures, old china and pottery, old furniture, old coins, old buildings, or old trees and plants. It is the prerogative of the true antiquarian to endow and give life and motion to whatever department he may pursue. To the lover of old trees — and who is there who has not some old favorite? some tree or trees that stand out from all other trees, and are as firmly fixed in his mind as their roots are fixed in their mother-earth? — some tree that was to his youthful imagination a giant for size and beauty, and under which he took more delight to play than others, and where he lay and watched the summer clouds and built his airy castle, which, like the poet's, vanished into thin air and left not a wreck behind? or, in his more earthly mood, he manufactured his mud pies and tarts, which were about as short and crisp and free from dirt as those we see in the streets of New-York sold under the name of Yankee or Connecticut pies. To the enthusiast, and man of enlarged and exalted views, it takes a nobler form. He calls to mind the tree under which the first prayer was offered by the Puritans. \* He recalls the historical associations connected with the Charter Oak, which lately yielded to time and the storm; also to the tree under which Penn signed his treaty with the Indians without fraud or bloodshed; and from scenes like these in our own history, he has the power to revert to the times of old, and call to mind the miraculous plants recorded from the earliest times by poets and historians — the holly of Homer; the palm-tree of Latonia; the oak of Oden; nay, even the golden herb which shines before the eyes of the ignorant peasant of Brittany, and the May-flower which preserves from evil thoughts the simple shepherdess of La Brice.

'He recollects the sacred fig-tree of the Romans; the olive of the Athenians; the tennates of the Celts; the vervain of the Gauls; the lotus of the Greeks; the bean of the Pythagoreans; the mandrake of the Hebrews. He remembers the green campack which blossoms everlastingly in the Persian's paradise; the toubia tree that overshadows the celestial throne of MOHAMMED; the magic camalata, the sacred amreet, on whose branches the Indians behold imaginary fruits of ambrosia and of voluptuous



enjoyment. He recurs with pleasure to the symbolical worship of the Japanese, who elevate the altars of their divinities on pedestals of heliotropes and water-lilies, assigning the throne of LOVE himself to the corolla of a nenuphar.

'He admires the religious scruples of the Siamese, which make it sacrilege to exterminate or even mutilate certain consecrated shrubs. A thousand superstitions, which in former times excited his pity and contempt toward the short-sightedness of human nature, tend now to elevate his fellow-creatures in his estimation. And he doubts not that all these idolatrous customs must have originated in sentiments of gratitude unexampled by tradition. He learns to respect the feelings of the great XERXES himself, who took such delight in the beauty of an oriental plane-tree as to caress its stem, press it tenderly in his arms, sleep enraptured under its shade, decorating it with bracelets and chains of gold when compelled to bid adieu to his verdant favorite.

'One would hardly suppose there was any thing interesting in examining old, antiquated, dilapidated, and decaying buildings. But are they not in many instances the shrines that have contained the brightest jewels of all countries? and ought he not to be considered a benefactor to his race who rescues from oblivion their tradition, legend, and lore? To the patriot, what thoughts cluster around Independence Hall! To the devout Methodist, what sanctity is connected with that old building where first they held religious worship as a sect! and with what veneration are parts of it still preserved!

'Who thinks of the stirring events enacted within that old church which is now occupied as a Post-office, save some one imbued with the spirit of the past? What misery and suffering is there connected with the old sugar-house in Liberty-street! What emotions fill the breast of the American, from whatever section of country he comes, as he enters old Faneuil Hall, that cradle of liberty, and finds himself confronted by the shades of those who once made it resound by their eloquence in the cause of liberty! Who can enter WASHINGTON's head-quarters at Newburgh, and gaze upon its steep roof, and old oak beams running through its garret, and see the trophies deposited there, and know that the Father of our Country was once its occupant, and not feel his blood thrill through his veins with a greater rapidity?

'From places at a distance, I come to scenes which lie at your own door; and I hardly need say that I allude to the place where ANDRE was confined and WASHINGTON signed his death-warrant where he was executed — where he was buried. From contemplating objects and scenes like these, one allows his mind to fly with the swiftness of lightning, and peer into the shadowy past, wherever story, ballad, or tradition has breathed a soul into tumbling towers and crumbling walls.'

Verily, 'these things be so.' - - - THE other day, going down the Hudson to our Metropolis, we heard a remark made by a Sing-Sing State-Prisoner, who had been sent up for four years, had served out his term, and was just released. He had been so long compulsorily silent, by reason of the discipline of the prison, that he did not seem to dare to speak above his breath. He was sitting clear forward, under the flag-staff, at the bow of the boat, looking at the beautiful land and water 'scape, (how precious it must have been to his unaccustomed eyes!) with a copy of the *Daily Times* of that morning in his hand: and he gave subdued utterance to the following remark: 'Guess I haint lost much in the way of news, any how,' said he, pointing with his begrimed, crooked, *rasped* middle-finger (he had been four years in the file-shop) to a paragraph on the first page: 'there's

the same thing, in the same place, in the same paper, that I read on my way up, four years ago: the same heads, by Gosh! — I remember it as if it was yesterday: 'Senator SUMNER's health:' 'Great India-Rubber Case:' 'Shirred Goods!' Has n't any thing else happened since FRED. TALLMADGE made that pleasing and musical oration to me before the bar of this Honorable Court?' He was much 'behind the age' though, in *some* things. - - - K. N. PEPPER AS A DRAMATIST: HIS 'LAST APPEARANCE.' — Below, Mr. KASPAR NATHAN PEPPER, Esq., 'Pote,' makes his last appearance 'as sich.' Domestic 'mizzery' has 'spile't his Mews,' he writes us, and with the subjoined thrilling 'drammy,' he lays aside his rhyming pen forever. Fitting close for so brilliant a poetical career:

*Mizzery.*

*A Play — consequently a Drammy.*

By KASPER NATHAN PEPPER, Esq.

(Never acted onto any staig nowair.)

*Drammatic Persons:*

KASPER — A Man.  
PETER — A Boy.  
HANAH — A Wooman.  
PODD — An Old Man.  
HIAWOTHY — A Girl.  
MISSIS JEFFERS.

*Plais:*

Demosthenes  
and  
the  
Woods.

SEEN 1. *A Room in KASPER's hous. KASPER wocks bacards and forards, a ringin ov his hans. 1 larg bed. 1 smal bed. tabel set. erly in the morning. Winter. Candel a-burnin.*

n. b. *the Room hasent been swept, but doant mind that.*

SOLLLEQX, by KASPER.

How long hev I got fur to stan this mizzery!  
Wi wos a tollent fur a-ritin potry implantid  
into mi boosum, ef bi it i am maid  
the onhapiest creeter that now wock the groun?

i was, fur a few munths, hapy! A Being  
i cald a Aingel, I's in a wile, wen i  
coodent thine ov nothin better & stronger —

HANAH (*frum bed.*)

Kas, hev you startid the fire?

KASPER.

Yes, Hanah, deer. —  
This creeter ov Air, al potry & feelin,  
Maid bi kind Proffidens with his i onto me —  
With the larg forchun ov \$900 dolers  
left bi her pa — consented fur to marry me —

HANAH.

Wi doant you stop, & put the kittil on?

KASPER.

i wil, mi love. — Fur 1 yeer I was hapy!  
o wair is the Berd, as hapy as wot i was? —  
Wair is the Brite Gazel, & Lam, &c4tht?  
Peter wos born —

PETER.

Pa, cum & taik me up!

KASPER.

& i wos hapiet stil! i coamd his hair —  
tooc wocks, a-carryin ov him — wosht his fais —

roast poams about him — wiped his noas :  
i lived in Hevin!

PETER (*louder.*)

*pa!* cum & taik me up!

HANAH.

Wi doant you taik him up, you lazy broot! —  
He 'll giv hisself a fit, a-bollin to you!

KASPER (*to himself.*)

Let him git 2, confound the littel cuss!

(*taiks up the boy.*)

How cood i tock so, bout mi darlin Pete! —  
How is mi Sweet, this morning? tell me, Pety!

HANAH.

Kas, did you put the taters in the pot?

KASPER.

Yes, Hanah deer, and the meet's a-fryin, too. —  
O Potry! — hevent you no pitty fur  
Your servent — can't you help a feller? — Ah, no;  
i left her servis, wen i marrid Hanah,  
& so she aint got time. o, Wi did i leev her?  
Here I am, a slaiv: Sorow & Wo hev got me —

HANAH.

The meet's a-burnin! — Kas, be quick!

KASPER.

o Hevins!

Wot torcher goas abed ov wot this is?  
The meet doant burn like mi onhapy hoosum!  
(*burns the child, bi accident, wich yets.*)

HANAH.

You rech! — you've killed him!  
(*Gets up quick, while the boy is a-ketchin ov breth.*)  
Pete, mi darlin — speek!

Run fur the Dockter, you Abbomminashun!  
Cut — or ile lay the broomstic outo you!

(KASPER goas, *rather quic* — *fur feer he has hirt the boy.* Heers HIOWOTHY a-cryin, too,  
*as he goas out ov the gait.*)

SEEN 2. *into the street.*

KASPER *a-goin rather slower.* meets MISSIS JEFFERS.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wi, Kasper, — air you sic? — wot trubbels you?

KASPER.

o Gilthy! — moarn 1000 things! — ime very onhapy.  
pete's got burnt, & ime a-goin fur the Dockter.  
mi sperits is lo, & i feel almitly Bad.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wot *maikes* your sperits so lo; deer Kasper? say!

KASPER.

that i cant tel, & woodent nohow, Gilthy.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Wot! Kasper — not to a fren like wot i am?

KASPER.

Doant temp me, Gilthy! ide tel you, ef eny 1.  
But i dasset doo it, nohow.

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Then ile gess!

its Hanah! *shese* the cos ov al your trubbel!  
 She aint the Wife fur sech a man as you!  
 She doant apreshait your oncommon felins.  
*they aint no FINITY betwixt you.* No—  
 You cant deny it, nuther—hush, a minit!—  
 Shese prowld, becos she hed sum munny, &  
 Becos you hedent—stop!—& cos shese vulger,  
 & cant apreshait wot a Poit is,  
 no moarn ef he wos alwais a-tockin grek.  
*i see it, long ago! i noo how twood be!*

KASPER.

Good Hevins! wotever ken a feller doo?

MISSIS JEFFERS.

*Doo?* leev the Vicksen, Kasper, mijitly!

KASPER.

o Hevins! i dassent! thinc ov Hiawothy  
 & little Pete!—poor helples littel cussis—

MISSIS JEFFERS (*taikin his han.*)

Now Kas, i thought you was a man—

HANAH (*a-comin.*)

Leev go  
 that man, you huzzy! off, you brazen baggige!—  
 Kas, *air* you ever a-goin fur the Dockter?

(KASPER *goas.*)

Now, mam, wot *air* you a-dooin with my husban?

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Consoalin ov him fur domestic Mizzery!

HANAH.

Wot's that to you, you good-fur-nothin huzzy?  
 Youm a nice objick—out a-4 daylite  
 a-huntin fur mi Kas fur to consoal!  
 Jeffers must hev a nice time, livin with *you!*—  
 a man worth 40,000 sech poor creeters!

MISSIS JEFFERS.

Youm cuite beneath mi notis, Missis Pepper.  
 (*turns & goes of, dignified. Colls out, just a-4 gittin out of heerin.:*)  
 Shant i send Jeffers, fur to consoal you, Hanah?  
 (HANAH *heers PETE a-cryin bad, & leevs.*)

SEEN 3. *Leafles Woods.*2 *mild from every thing.*KASPER *musin.* Clouds. Wind *a-howlin.*

KASPER.

Ken hewman nater stan this heer conflick allus?  
 To Be, or not to Be, is praps the question:  
 To Be *wot?*—wether ide better talk up mi arms  
 & not swim eny longer into this Se ov trubbel—  
 or els kepe flaxin aroun, a-swallerin  
 ov solt wotter, (teers,) is a pint i aint desidid onto.  
 ile No, soon.—se them Clouds, a-moarnin for me!  
 Heer that Wind, a-shrikin!—out ov sympathy  
 The leevs hev left the trees; & every thing  
 Looos contentibel & disgusting, o Mizzery!—  
 Looc at these heer 2 picters: Number 1:  
 A Wooman wich hasent no Afinity fur me—  
 i's al afeckshun, now cuite oltogether chaingd—  
 A week wooman, with no taste for potry  
 & genus, & sech: Now looc at Number 2:  
 A Creeter al Soal!—al full ov Sentiment—  
 onhappy with Jeffers—hapy oonly with me—  
 & i oonly with her! our Harts beet

cuite regular, & in size shese a littel the tallest, but she ses she loocs up to me  
 Wich maiks it al rite. Wot Mizzery  
 to thinc Fait atended to al the preelimainary  
 Araingments, & then up & left! — in time to  
 spile sumboddy elses Blis, i supoas.  
 o Gilthy! Gilthy! — o onhappy Kasper! —  
 you trees, wi doant you groan? you mud, dri up,  
 & sho your Indignashun! Leevs, you squirm —  
 & Wind, endever fur to shriek a littel louder.  
 Clouds, i am gratifide fur to see you weep.  
 Nacher, on the hull youm oncommon kind;  
 Fait, onto the contrairy, youm cuite the revers.  
 Cus evrything! — O Mizzery! Mizzery! — ha! ha! —

(Gits kind ov insain.)

Wile a-rushin fur to run in his hed agin a tre, Mr. Podd runs up, & ketches him bi the coat-tail.

KASPER.

Let go o' mi coat-tail — i mus doo it! — ha! —

(Turns & sees Podd.)

You aint a Gobblin damd, nor nothin, air you?

PODD.

Not yet, i hoap, onhappy Kasper, — but *you* aint fur from it —  
 or a fool, wich is expressin ov it rather milder,  
 thank this frail Fabbrie (*meanin the coat-tail*) fur your life. Brodcloth  
 coodent hev stood it nohow. Poverty saived you.

KASPER.

O, wood that ide ben rich, & wear Brodcloth, &  
 left mi Affairs & coat-tail in your hans.  
 Life hesent the 1st red charm for me, deer Podd!

PODD.

Why, Kasper! wot hes hapend? — speak imejitly!  
 Hev you got a Bile?

KASPER (*with sum impaiskens.*)

No; but ive got a Biler,  
 & its almoast Bustid, too: that's al.

PODD.

then fur Hevin's saik, open your Saifty-valve!  
 Youm too young & hansum fur to be blowd up.  
 think ov Hanah, & open that thayr valve.

KASPER.

O Hevins! how it herts wen you touch onto that toptic!  
 Podd — come along; I will a tail onfoald.  
 (*taiks his arm, & leevs.*)

CONCLOOSHUN!

SEEN 4. KASPER'S *parler*.

(Podd hes heerd KASPER's story, likewais HANNAH's. He hes fetched things to a focus.)

KASPER a-settin onto 1 side ov the room; HANNAH onto the other. Podd a-standin up, in the middel.

PODD.

Kasper, ive heerd your story — Hanah, likewais yourn.  
 There apeers fur to be sum folts onto boath sides,  
 & you hev boath suferd oncommon. Sech, mi children,  
 is mi vew ov the serkumstansis — varid, ov coars,  
 Bi sum partickelers, wich it aint nessary to naim.  
 You, Kasper, air a poit; but you furgot  
 that Hanah isent, & probbly never wos.  
 You, Hanah, air a sensibel wooman  
 onto moast toptics, but you haint maid  
 snfishent alowens fur a man like Kasper.  
 You thogt that munny was worth moarn wot genus wos,  
 & that \$900 dolers wood bi out eny poit —

Wich is a mistaik pepel frekently maik :  
 Sum coodent be bot for twist that sum —  
 Fur instans Kasper, hoo probbly stans at the top.  
 the World hes ben ov the unanimus opinion  
 Fur severil yeer, that K. N. Pepper is grait.  
 You otto feel as ef he was a King!  
 & you a Queen, and \$900 dolers ov no consquens!  
 As fur Jeffers & Cumpenny, wi, thaym poor creeters.  
 Boath ov you otto shrink frum sech lo peepel.  
 Doant tech em, heerafter, with 10 foot poals,  
 or even 50 foot.—Air mi childern reckonsiled?

(KASPER & HAHAN *rush up & hug! they kiss several times! then hug! then kiss!*)

KASPER.

Deer Hanah!

HAHAN.

Deer Kasper!

PODD.

Now ime satisfide.

PETE (*enterin.*)

Wot's pop a-dooin? is he a-fitin with ma?

MISSIS JEFFERS (*enterin.*)

O mi! (*leevs.*)

*Mr. Podd stays to tea, & they hev a mity nise time.*

FINISH.

Do you know, reader, where *this* comes from? Try to think: 'make an effort:'

'ALAS! are there so few things in the world about us, most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so! Hear the magistrate or judge admonish the unnatural outcast of society — unnatural in brutal habits, unnatural in want of decency, unnatural in losing and confounding all distinctions of good and evil; unnatural in ignorance, in vice, in recklessness, in contumacy, in mind, in looks, in every thing. But follow the good clergyman or doctor, who, with his life imperilled at every breath he draws, goes down into their dens, lying within the echoes of our carriage-wheels and daily tread upon the pavement stones. Look round upon the world of odious sights — millions of immortal creatures have no other world on earth — at the lightest mention of which humanity revolts, and dainty delicacy living in the next street, stops her ears and lisps: 'I do n't believe it.' Breathe the polluted air, foul with every impurity that is poisonous to health and life; and have every sense conferred upon our race for its delight and happiness, offended, sickened, and disgusted, and made a channel by which misery and death alone can enter. Vainly attempt to think of any simple plant or flower or wholesome weed, that, set in this fetid bed, could have its natural growth, or put its little leaves forth to the sun as God designed it; and then calling up some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness and lament its being so early far from heaven; but think a little of its having been conceived and born and bred in hell.

'Those who study the physical sciences, and bring them to bear upon the health of man, tell us that if the noxious particles that rise from vitiated air, were palpable to the sight, we should see them lowering in a dense black cloud above such haunts, and rolling slowly on to corrupt the better portions of a town. But if the moral pestilence that rises with them, and in the eternal laws of outraged Nature, is inseparable from them, could be made discernible too, how horrible the revelation! Then



should we see depravity, impiety, drunkenness, theft, murder, and a long train of nameless sins, against the natural affections and repulsions of mankind, overhanging the devoted spots, and creeping on to blight the innocent and spread contagion among the pure. Then should we see how the same poisoned fountains that flow into our hospitals and lazar-houses, inundate the jails and make the convict-ships swim deep and roll across the seas, and over-run vast continents with crime. Then should we stand appalled to know, that where we generate disease to strike our children down and entail itself on unborn generations; there also we breed, by the same certain process, infancy that knows no innocence, youth without modesty or shame, maturity that is mature in nothing but in suffering and guilt, blasted old age that is a scandal on the form we bear. Unnatural humanity! when we shall gather grapes from thorns, figs from thistles; when fields of grain shall spring up from the offal in the by-ways of our wicked cities, and roses bloom in the fat church-yards that they cherish — then we may look for natural humanity, and find it growing from such seed.

‘Oh! for a good spirit who would take the house-tops off, with a more potent and benignant hand than the lame demon in the tale, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes, to swell the retinue of the destroying angel as he moves forth among them; for only night’s-view of the pale phantoms rising from the scenes of our too long neglect; and from the thick and sullen air where vice and fever propagate together, raining the tremendous social retributions which are ever pouring down, and ever coming thicker. Bright and blest the morning that should rise on such a night, for men delayed no more by stumbling-blocks of their own making, which are but specks of dust upon the path between them and eternity, would then apply themselves, like creatures of one common origin, owing one duty to the FATHER of one family, and tending to one common end, to make the world a better place.

‘Not the less bright and blest would that day be for rousing some who have never looked out upon the world of human life around them, to a knowledge of their own relation to it, and for making them acquainted with a perversion of nature, in their own contracted sympathies and estimates, as great and as natural in its development when once began, as the lowest degradation known.’

Is here not food for thought? - - - PREJUDICE is a singular thing. Against little matters — of diet, for example — how much unnecessary trouble is somehow undergone by virtuous and pains-taking persons! It were better otherwise. It is now eleven o’clock, in the morning of this most beautiful July day, upon the Hudson River. Observe, please, how much comfort may be secured from extremely trifling adjuncts. We have just been out in our little fertile and fruitful garden, not far off from our sanctum, (much-bepraised by partial friends;) have pulled six small onions, white as peeled willow-twigs, at bottom, but robins’-egg green above — of which two inches of striped yellow-emerald luscious greenness are carefully preserved: four small cucumbers, carefully picked fresh from thrifty, dewy vines, where in the night-time when we were asleep, they had expanded and bourgeoned: then cut the cucumbers very thinly, and the dear little onions, in their white, tender, consecutive rings. Having so done, lay the whole upon ice, to become cold, with leeway for leakage below, so that all may be cold and yet dry. With hulled black pepper, a pinch of Syracuse table-salt, and some of Mr. F. S. Cozzens’ White-Wine Vinegar, this preparation, with a slice of well-baked and

sweet bread-and-butter, will be found extremely advantageous to the human and physical system. Afterward, a white bottle of what is usually termed 'Scottish Ale,' prepared by a person whose name is MUIR, residing at Edinbro, North-Britain, will not, it is supposed, be productive of present or prospective bodily ailment. Suppose you 'try it, and see?' - - - ONE of the great attractions of the 'Groves of Blarney,' and its famous 'Castle,' as set forth by 'poor POWER,' in his 'play'—ful description thereof, was the sport to be found in the waters that shone and sparkled thereby:

'Tis there's the lakes, well stored with fishes,  
And comely aels in the verdant mud that stray:  
There's them trout and them salmon,  
A-playin' together at Blackgammon,  
*An' when you go to take a-hoult o' them, do n't they immajently swim away?*

This is a 'strategic movement' which was common to most fishes, we believe, until recently: although a friend and fellow-disciple of IZAAK WALTON once remarked to us, that he had seen trout tickled by the hand, over a grassy bank by the brook-side, until they turned gently upon their backs, and were easily secured. 'You would n't have believed it, had you not seen it?' we asked. 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Well,' we responded, 'we did n't see it.' Yet we may have done our friend injustice: for 'behold you' the following passage in the letter of a New-Hampshire correspondent of the *'Boston Journal':*

'ONE of the many attractions about here are the tame fish, which are to be seen in what is called Lougeetown pond, a pleasant drive of five miles from Alton Bay. I paid a visit to this place one day last week, and must say that I was very much delighted, as well as surprised. The pond is about three miles in circumference, and contains many kinds of fish, which are easily called from all parts of the pond to the shore, and have become so tame that they will eat from the hands of visitors, while they have them submerged in the water. I took some of them up, and should judge that they weighed at least a pound. They are never taken from the pond, but allowed to increase in number every year.'

This 'feeling of confidence' on the part of 'fishes,' bids fair to extend. There is no living thing which is not susceptible to kindness, when it is 'itself' only. A friend of ours, last winter, tamed a Saddle-Rock oyster, until he became so docile that he would follow him all round his apartment, in his shell. He had been crossed in love, and was obliged to bestow his affections *somewhere*: 'leastways,' that was what his master said. - - - FROM one of the old letters of 'W. G. C.,' we take this anecdote of the celebrated Dr. CHAPMAN, of Philadelphia: 'By the way, L—, I heard a good thing on Saturday last, from the renowned Dr. CHAPMAN, at the Saint ANDREW'S Dinner. You know how proverbially devout the Scotch are; how they recognize a special PROVIDENCE over themselves; and how they have at home the 'Caledonian Violin,' or 'Scotch Fiddle,' or Itch. When the Doctor rose, he said: 'I am an old member of this Society: I am descended from Scottish ancestry: and (scratching his hands, and between his fingers) I hope, of *pure blood*. I have no flowers of rhetoric, gentlemen; but I have some excellent *flowers of brimstone*: and I would offer it freely to my brethren, the Sons of Scotland; only I know that we are proud and happy in believing ourselves to be

the LORD'S *Anointed!*' They say the *manner* was in DR. CHAPMAN'S best vein; it was, in other words, 'just like him.' - - - A FEW moral reflections upon the character and complaint of the patient JOB. For the first time in more than fifteen years, upon our person a BOIL. A nameless agony, near fruition. Unpleasant exceedingly. Visit a neighbor: 'Good morning: take a lounge upon the settee, on the piazza, until I have finished shaving: I'll be out in five minutes.' 'Thank you, neighbor, but would rather not this morning.' 'Step into the Library then, and take a chair.' 'Obliged, but it is n't convenient: will walk about here until you are through.' Took up a daily paper, with news from Italy: 'Trouble at the Seat of War.' Appreciated it explicitly. Thought of JOB, who, it seems to us, has never been fully understood. 'Have pity upon me, O my friends!' he said: but who pities the victim of a BOIL? He did obtain some relief: he got into a bad scrape, yet human means did something for him: whereas we sent to all our neighbors, far and near, and there was not a potsherd in the place. One old Rockland County Dutchman told the boy that he thought there was an old one 'down to Kakiak;' but it was too far off to be made available. - - - If the following '*Strategic Military Plan*,' which the New-York *Evening Post* daily journal copies from the Nashville (Tenn.) *Patriot*, be not the handy-work of 'SQUIBBO,' *alias* 'JOHN PHOENIX,' some clever writer has stepped into his shoes. One can scarcely tell which most to admire, the feasibility of the 'Plan,' or its wonderful simplicity:

'WHEN the battle of Solferino began on the morning of Friday, June 24th, the opposing forces extended to a distance of about twelve miles. On approaching the Austrians, NAPOLEON, on arriving within three hundred yards of their position, should, by all means, have thrown the main body of his regular troops, consisting of, say fifty thousand men, into what may technically be called an immense wedge. From the upper end of this wedge, two wings, in the shape of the letter L, consisting of fifty thousand Zouaves each, should have extended, the ends of the wings impinging upon the large or major extremity of the wedge, with the Austrians immediately in front, the point of the wedge being directed to their centre. At the entering point of this wedge should have been stationed the smallest man in the army, immediately behind him the next smallest, and so on, the tallest troops constituting the larger end of the terrible instrument. Thus graduated—whittled down to a point, as it were—it is evident that it would have been capable of penetrating the toughest body of troops in the world. A strong hempen cable should have been extended from the extreme point of one wing to the extreme point of the other, on the outside, running through holes perforated in the coat-tails of the Zouaves, so as to be held up without encumbering the troops, leaving them the free use of their hands.

'The army being thus formed, the wedge should have been driven home, the wings made to flop simultaneously and vigorously, and the whole force being hurled like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, the wedge penetrating their centre, and the wings bulging out in the middle and turning in at the ends, forming two arcs of a circle, until they met, when the Austrians, being now completely surrounded and split in two, the ends should have been brought together and tied by a sailor stationed there for the purpose. Thus cut in two, huddled up and surrounded by an impenetrable wall of rope and Zouaves, the enemy would either have been crushed to death, or would have thrown down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

'But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Austrians, or a large number of them, had jumped *à-cheval*, or, vulgarly speaking a-straddle, of the rope and broke it, or suppose they had cut it with their swords, thereby forming a *crevasse* through which to debouch and reach the exterior plain—what then? Why, they could only have fallen back upon the village of Cavriana, which being too small to hold them, they would have been forced further back to Volta, where, finding no adequate protection from the bayonets of the indomitable Zouaves, they would either have fallen into the hands of the French as prisoners-of-war, or would have been cut to pieces. This accomplished, NAPOLEON would have nothing to do but march into Mantua without interruption, whence he could have dispatched handfuls of troops with small arms to take peaceable possession of Verona, Peschiera, and Legnano, the remaining three corners of the Quadrangle, and this terrible war would have been ended.

'But LOUIS NAPOLEON thought best to act differently, and the result is known: instead of capturing and killing the entire Austrian army, as he might have done, he simply placed the contemptible number of thirty-five thousand *hors de combat*.

'We have not intended to wound the pride, nor touch the sensibilities of LOUIS NAPOLEON by what we have here said; and should he urge some little objection to the plan of battle we have given, we earnestly trust he will give us all due credit for candor and a sincere desire to see him do well.'

Who says that is n't 'JOHN PHENIX?' - - - 'AN amusing story,' says a Toledo, Ohio, correspondent, 'is told of the acute sense of smell of a tobacconist of our city. He, together with his clerk, was examining some tobacco submitted for his inspection. After carefully inhaling the flavor by three or four protracted sniffs, he exclaimed to his clerk: 'JOHN, can't you smell *old leather* in that tobacco?' JOHN presented it to *his* olfactories, and 'thought he *could*.' The 'chief' then smelled again, and declared that he could also detect a very slight flavor of *maple sugar*. This last aroma JOHN pronounced beyond his powers. Samples of leaf-tobacco, you know, are taken from each end of the hogshead, and also from the centre. The samples examined were from the ends. On taking a sample from the middle, there was found an old boot-heel, full of maple pegs! Judgment on 'tobakker' from this quarter is now regarded as final!' - - - Our friend 'Col. PIPES' has sent us a poem on '*The Burning of the Princess*,' by LUXIMON ROY, M.D., of Baton-Rouge. LUXIMON is *not* a poet of the largest calibre: and we marvel that grave senators and assemblymen of the Legislature of Louisiana, in honeyed phrase, should have asked of the Doctor a copy of his effusion for publication. To be sure, it is *dedicated* to 'the honorable and distinguished' Legislature, and due gratitude for the compliment may be inferred: but, at the same time, we cannot help thinking the 'honorable members' are quizzing the medical bard: and we think our readers will join us in this opinion, after 'hefting' the ensuing specimen 'bricks:'

'Adown the broad expanse majestic of  
The Sire of Waters great, the Princess came  
Like a thing of bright beauty and of life.  
Her regal halls were rife with joyous hearts:  
The graceful statue of the royal maid,  
From loftiest pinnacle of 'Texas,' gazed  
On fair plantations, where the monarch soon—  
King Corron—would descend with his flakes of

Snow, and the waving cane's sweet nectar-juice  
Would flow.'

'THE sweet Princess is  
A bonny favorite boat; her swift speed,  
Her beauty, and the gorgeousness of her  
Fine architecture and palatial halls,  
Her rich adornments and her state-rooms fair,  
Cause her to seem like fairy floating isle  
Of dazzling beauty rare; or rather, like  
Some grand enchanted sparkling palace in  
A beauteous bridal Eden of the East —  
An oriental paradise of fairy dreams.'

'ALONG great Mississippi's rolling tide.  
Behold her sending forth the peals of her  
Bright gilded bell, and deaf'ning war-whoop of  
Her loud steam-whistle.'

There is a good deal of miscellaneous 'grouping' in the annexed passage, describing the immediate effects of the bursting of the boiler:

'THEN came a burst of dread volcanic sound:  
Her centre to a hellish crater changed,  
A blackened mass of human fragments flung  
High into th' startled air, and wrapt the whole  
Fair noble craft with sheets of demon blaze:  
Legs, arms, and heads, trunks, chimneys, pilot-house,  
With wheel, and statue of the Princess fair,  
And boiler's fragments, and the beams and bolts,  
With crash of timber and resounding iron,  
Were upward hurl'd from that dread lurid chasm —  
That gulph of chaos and destruction dire.'

Individualizing the victims of the sad disaster is less effective, since the lines seem taken from a newspaper paragraph, and 'cut up in lengths, to suit:'

BRAVE SHERBURNE's lost, and MURPHY's dead,  
And CLARK is gone, and BRANDON, YALE and GLOVER bold,  
And COFFEY, HUARD, and BANNISTER are slain;  
And brave LAVILLE there lies with crippled limbs:  
Both BELL and RICHARDS, struggling, gasp in death;  
DE LEE, CLARK, BRANDON, and the MARKS are slain;  
And there Judge BOYCE and others writhe in pain;  
The younger CLARK, WILLCOX, and SCOTT are low,  
And blood from CARR and EVANS freely flow;  
And there SURGET, LACOU and HUDSON groan —  
Here COCKBURN, HARBOR, VIGNE, and FLOWERS, moan;  
Judge FARRAR's scalded by the ruthless steam,  
And there, on MURDOCK, comes a crashing beam;  
Here DAVENPORT the burning flame surrounds —  
And there a scorching rafter STEPHENS wounds;  
And brave MOBROW's tall and athletic form  
Is crushed amid this dire volcanic storm.  
With great *sang froid* Judge BURK strips off his clothes,  
And from the burning deck himself he throws  
Into the Mississippi's rolling flood,  
With fragments turbid — and with human blood.'

Now this casualty was of too painful a character to be thus travestied: and our opinion of the members of the Louisiana Legislature, who could counsel the publication of such trash as we have been considering, may be thus expressed, in kindred 'blank verse:'

THE members of  
The Louisiana Legislature did  
A very silly, foolish thing, when they

Did recommend the printing of  
 Dr. LUXIMON ROY, his verses; which  
 Are very flat indeed: and if  
 He e'er should write again, let  
 Him not rush to types: because  
 He may be certain that he can't  
 'Keep a hotel.'

figuratively speaking, we would be understood. - - - If this gossiping 'slip' from a letter to the Editor, from a friend in the 'far west,' is not characteristic of that region, we lack perception and appreciation: 'The speculators in Western village lots do seem to be very fortunate in selecting *healthy* locations. One of these gentlemen, having a large interest in the two-year-old city of ———, located in the State of Wisconsin, near the Illinois line, was asked by a prospective purchaser concerning the health of his locality: 'Healthy *here!*' replied the resident — 'Healthy!! Well, *I should rather* think it was! Why, stranger, nobody ever dies here: we were obliged to send over into Illinois to get a corpse to start our burying-ground.' The 'party' did not 'locate' there: it was too fearfully salubrious. . . . A New-York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck 'out here;' and hearing he was becoming 'well-to-do,' sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually 'laid' any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:

"GENTS: You will never get any spondulick from BILL JOHNSON. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile; his feet upon the naked earth; and not clothes enough upon him *to wad a gun!*"

We call that an expressive simile! - - - WHEN we stood, rapt in admiration, with our friends ELLIOTT the preëminent portrait-painter, and Mr. MACGUIRE, of Washington, (an appreciative lover and most liberal patron of the Fine Arts,) before Mr. CHURCH's picture of '*The Heart of the Andes*,' we heard this remark from an English-looking person, who was mopping his perspiring 'foward' with an India Bandanna: 'Ex-ceed-ingly clever! — that must 'tell' abroad.' Yes: it has: as witness the following, from the '*London Daily News*,' which we publish, for the simple reason, that *as an American*, we are glad to see the genius of our modest countrymen appropriately and frankly honored:

'ONE of the most remarkable pictures exhibited this season, is now on view at the German Gallery, New Bond-street. The artist — Mr. CHURCH, the American — has already established a high reputation in this country by his extraordinary painting of the 'Falls of Niagara.' Never before had the majesty of that scene, with all its infinite variety of toiling, foaming, eddying, glancing, crashing, broken water-surface, been so impressively presented to the eye. Other representations may have been good for recollection, but the suggestiveness of that alone enabled those who had not seen the great Falls to form some idea of the gloriously terrible reality. The present picture is a worthy companion to the last. Mr. CHURCH seems to have proposed to realize the climax and acme of all that is grandest and most epical in his own great twin continent. Here we have a pictorial poem upon the immovable mountain-majesty of the great South-American Cordilleras; before, we had the most stupendous leap and plunge of the great rolling North-American flood. The '*Heart of the Andes*' is a scene hitherto unexplored by the painter; but HUMBOLDT, with truth, observed that in no other sec-



tion of the globe, not excepting the Alps and Himalayas, could the landscape painter acquire such an extent and variety of knowledge suited to his purpose, and receive such inspiration and impulse. Our own landscape painters, even after their annual trip to Snowdon, might well sigh for such a new world as this to conquer. On the other hand, Mr. CHURCH, our American cousin — or rather, let us say brother — has little or nothing to learn from the experience of the oldest European school or master. Yet, marvellous as is the skilful composition and comprehensive knowledge here displayed, Mr. CHURCH has never studied in the most conventional sense of the word; he has never visited the great galleries of art out of America. But he has done better; he has devoted several years to the study at first hand of the noble coast and mountain scenery of his native land. This was the training he had received before he resolved to open up for himself a field entirely new to all modern artists of note and ability. Original and elevated, however, as was his theme, he brought to it powers and capacity fully commensurate. The pre-Raphaelite minuteness and self-evident accuracy of the foreground, and the broadly-generalized, delicately-graduated, and atmospheric distance of this picture, prove that the artist unites almost a contrariety of gifts. Breadth and finish are almost perfectly harmonized. . . . We would gladly attempt to convey some general idea of this truly great picture, but that our space would not permit us to sketch ever so imperfectly all the richness here accumulated, as it were, from every zone and climate; all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, of impenetrable sloping silvas and interminable table-land, and of great Andean snow-crested mountains, whose ranges almost bisect the earth, and from whose sides gush streams whose course is measured by the breadth of continents. Over all this panorama of power, and majesty, and beauty, there mantles, however, only a sentiment of repose, calculated to awaken a still, deep feeling of veneration. TURNER himself, in his wildest imagination, never painted a scene of greater magnificence than this view, which wears all the impress of Nature's own unrivalled reality.

'Good' for the 'Thunderer!' - - - READER: if you desire to see a specimen of 'condensed composition,' do us the favor to read the following. It is the prologue to 'TROILUS and CRESIDA,' by 'WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Gent.':

'In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy: within whose strong immures  
The ravished HELEN, MENELAUS' queen,  
With wanton PARIS sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their war-like fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavillions: PRIAM's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come  
A prologue armed — but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited

In like conditions as our argument —  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
 Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.'

What a vivid variety of pictures! - - - '*A Sunday-School Teacher*,' writes us as follows from Middletown: 'I was glad to notice in the last number of your Magazine, a few thoughts upon our English translation of the Lord's Prayer, particularly with reference to the reading, '*Lead us not into temptation.*' Your own rendering, as suggested, seems more in consonance with the general spirit and teachings of the Scripture, and with our ideas of the character and attributes of 'Our Father in Heaven.' Allow me to suggest the following as conveying a juster sense of our SAVIOUR's words to his disciples and to us: '*Leave us not in temptation.*' This is a petition which we all have occasion to offer up, and certainly conveys no imputation upon the goodness of God, which can hardly be said of the prayers as set forth in our common English version.' - - - The following recent publications await future reference in these pages: '*Henry Hudson, or Holland: an Inquiry into the Origin and Objects of the Voyage which led to the Discovery of the Hudson River*;' with 'Biographical Notes:' from the Press of the BROTHERS GIUNTA D'ALBANI, at the Hague: 'Address of the Washington National Monument Society,' by the Secretary, JOHN CARROLL BRENT, Esq.: and Rev. T. H. STOCKTON's 'Anniversary Address on Ministerial Union.' Also received, 'The Orthographical Hobgoblin!' - - - THE recent death of RUFUS CHOATE, and the remarks which the event has elicited from the public press, have revived in our mind a thought which has often occurred to it: *What was it which constituted the Eloquence of Rufus Choate?* It surely must have been in his manner, and that we never witnessed. In print, selected by partial friends, and advanced, with no stinted praise, his 'brilliant' and 'eloquent' passages seem to us neither the one nor the other. 'You should have *heard* him once, before a Boston jury!' exclaims one of his fervent admirers, this moment at our elbow. No doubt: that would have been *one* test: but you did not require to *hear* WEBSTER: he lives in print, as he lives in memory. CHOATE's style of oratory,' says the '*Express*' daily journal, whose editors knew him intimately, 'was in the worst manner of a very bad school. Affected, unnatural, strained, it could not be comprehended without study. WEBSTER could and would say more in five minutes than CHOATE would say in five hours.' - - - A PLAIN, straight-forward, easily-followed, practical, altogether excellent work, is '*Copeland's Country Life: a Hand-Book of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening.*' We shall have somewhat more to say of the volume, and somewhat more to the purpose, hereafter. JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY, of Boston, are the publishers. - - - A STRONG, reliable, and ever ready adhesive substance for repairing broken furniture and household ware, has, time out of mind, been a desideratum. The want is now admirably supplied by SPAULDING'S PREPARED GLUE, rendered soluble by chemicals, and sold in neat bottles, with a brush, for that American institution — twenty-five cents. When applied, the glue hardens, and holds with tenacity. No household should be without it.